THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume VI | New York, Wednesday, October 12, 1927 | Number 23

CONTENTS

Woman and an Old Household..... 539
Week by Week 541
Longevity of Nuns..... 544
Roads to the Festival..... 545
The Roman Question Again...Enrico Pucci 546
Along the Shannon.....Padraic Colum 548
Young Men Dream Dreams (*verse*).....
Dennis J. O'Neill 550
Symbolism in Claudel's Tête d'Or.....
Sister Saint Ursula 551
The Old Post on the Wabash.....
Martha Bayard 553
Definitions (*verse*)....Nora B. Cunningham 554
Communications 555
The Play .....R. Dana Skinner 556
Poems....Charles Oluf Olsen, Glenn Ward Dresbach, Irene H. Wilson, Ethel Romig Fuller, Mary Carolyn Davies, Joseph Frant-Walsh 558
Books.....Edward Hawks, Thomas Walsh, Ambrose Farley, John Stapleton, Sister M. Eleanore, Bertram C. A. Windle, Helen Walker Homan, T. Elliot Ross 559
The Quiet Corner..... 565

WOMAN AND AN OLD HOUSEHOLD

BY A fortunate coincidence, the seventh annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women followed closely on the heels of the "social week" conducted by French Catholics at Nancy, during the course of which Georges Goyau delivered a remarkable address on the services rendered by women during the course of Christian history. M. Goyau is among the most eminent of living students of the past; and it would be a pleasure to reproduce here, were space available, the remarkable picture he has drawn of innumerable noble women who, following upon her whom the words of Saint Thomas have described as an assistant in the work of Redemption, have labored in the household of the everlasting kingdom. It is sufficient to remember the many who were martyrs and mothers of martyrs; those who saved the Papacy, Christian France and non-Moorish Spain; the long number of contemplatives and expiatrices, whose prayers brought peace of heart upon the earth; the throng of those who have served the intelligence, from Hroswitha to Alice Meynell; and that countless crowd which, devoted to children, to charity and to country, have performed a large share of the esential labor of which civilization is the product. This memory will prove that the appeal to Christian women made in our time is not a new or sudden thing, but an old outcry sounded from the bastions where all that is dearest in the world is defended.

In one respect, however, the appeal to which the National Council of Catholic Women was an answer must be considered novel and striking. A new era had dawned. The gradual development of modern democracy had attributed unparalleled significance to ordinary civic obligations. The ballot, the holding of office, the formation of opinion about important issues —all these things meant so much to society that an hour inevitably arrived when woman could not afford to dispense with them. Of course there were many who feared that the grant of full civic stature to what various modern generations had come to term the weaker sex, would induce all sorts of calamities. "Woman's place is in the home" became the slogan of a group so remote from the world that it failed to realize how the drift of secular events was gradually tending to abrogate the home. Essentially the old Church was wiser than to identify itself with such prophecies of doom. It knew the work of illustrious feminine saints; it knew that Jerome and Aquinas, Father Alvarez and Fénélon, had dispatched some of their most solid and significant advice to women; and it realized the stakes for which Christendom in the chaotic modern time was necessarily playing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And so it is interesting to note how fully the work of the recent convention, as of those which have preceded it, was orientated toward problems of civic welfare. Two observant bishops discussed public morality, envisaging institutionalized forms of amusement and teaching which unfortunately offer much to corrupt a great many. The Reverend William A. Bolger, C. S. C., professor of political science at the University of Notre Dame and one of our leading Catholic economists, outlined a program of social reform which included the abolition of child labor. Other speakers discussed questions contingent upon international relations, the Mexican situation, education and the exploitation of young women by publicity-mongers. In short, several major concerns of contemporary social consciousness were outlined authoritatively for representative women, who can take what they have heard and learned into their own community circles, and build up there a mind for better American life today—a mind unprejudiced and unprovincial, alert and loyal, through which the Catholic body can render excellent service to the nation.

In a measure one may say that the success of the convention is something apart from, larger than, any program of addresses and resolutions. It means that we are gradually welding together in this country a group of Catholic people who are unified by something better than hearsay in the conduct of their social lives. Of course, as Father Bolger wisely said, membership in the Church does not commit one to any particular set of views regarding a debatable political or economic issue. Christian principle is always principle. It is not the fruit of any special process of induction, but rather a truth given, directly or indirectly, by divine teaching. Social life, on the contrary, is a constant series of facts and circumstances through a careful study of which one may arrive at some conclusion. There is nothing to guarantee the rightness of specific Catholic study of these facts and circumstances. But certainly one cannot doubt that the possession, to begin with, of the light of just principles and unshakeable mandates, is of incalculable value in that study. Let this light be dispersed widely, therefore, so that public opinion more and more steadily may find ways to rectify pressing evils and rampant injustices. Of our women it may be added further that they have found at least one admirable way—the Social Service School, which remains a symbol of their ambitions, their achievement and their future advance. Graduates from this school have now definitely joined the ranks of social workers, combining a careful training with nobility of purpose and readiness to make sacrifices.

Seven years have done much to solidify their organization. Those who knew, at the outset, that the type of society represented by the National Catholic Welfare Conference could never succeed have been proved wrong; and the very fact that the apostolic delegate presided at the present convention and conveyed the special blessing of the Holy Father goes far to show how beloved of the Universal Church is the work being done—and still to be done—in the United States. Still to be done! Thankful as we all are for the opportunity to begin what must ultimately be a splendid gift to the Faith and the nation, none of us can afford to overlook the seemingly endless field that still remains to be tilled. Catholics form one of the strongest single groups in the United States. Nevertheless they know, when they gaze at the contemporary situation honestly, that they are also in other respects one of the weakest single groups in the United States. If public opinion be the great weapon of present-day democracy, then the inability of Catholics to employ it must be considered a genuine and formidable weakness.

Several speakers at the convention touched upon this fact, advocating deeper and more concentrated interest in letters and the press. We gladly commend what they said, but believe there is something further to be remarked. The weakness of Catholic literary expression in this country is due not so much to a dearth of material, of competent writers and editors, of financial means, as to a general inability on the part of Catholic culture to make room for a literary and thoughtful life. A good many educated and gifted persons belong to the Church. But they seldom think of themselves as an important section of a larger Catholic body, because the things which they knowingly hold in common are only matters of ecclesiastical doctrine and practice. They seldom realize that the Church's character as a society implies a sharing of all goods which accrue to the spirit. In a word, our present task, our urgent and difficult task, is to extend the boundary lines of the Catholic mind.

One knows that the women whom the Washington convention represented will be the best agents for the accomplishment of this task. They have already effected so much that one sees no gap between their achievement and the several stages of the long feminine tradition in the history of Christendom. Far better than men they have understood what is going on in the United States of 1927 and have assembled to take some kind of corporate attitude. And one has only to wish that coming years will add steadily to the attained vision and performance in order to realize that some day a significant advance will be registered. It is obvious that, to a considerable extent, the problems of war and peace, of economic injustice and public immorality, are the outgrowth of the philosophy and the letters with which the modern world sought to supplant the culture of Christendom. Perhaps we can restore that culture—when God wills.

As for our women, they are finding their way about in a new household which, when one has reduced it to its ultimate proportions, is nothing else than the vineyard in which Christendom must today carry on its redemptive mission. Theirs is the glory of having heeded the summons, though the summons must always be infinitely greater than themselves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1927, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — MARY KOLARS
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

United States:	$5.00	Foreign:	$6.00
Canada:	5.50	Single Copies:	.10

WEEK BY WEEK

FOR the time being, all is well in Nicaragua. Now the talk is of loans, not of battles; and one may reasonably believe that, if the insurgent forces are not totally unarmed, they are at least without the necessary means to risk an engagement. But if the activity of Admiral Latimer has created calm, it has by no means settled any of the problems which arise out of the fact that the United States has a special "interest" in Central America. Señor Gustavo Guerrero, of the Council of the League of Nations, has presented to that body for ratification the Salvador Agreement, under which the three most important countries in Central America are organized as an entente. Could the League accept this Agreement in the same spirit as it accepts European treaties, it would acquire a certain amount of jurisdiction over Latin America, and thus indirectly clash with the Monroe Doctrine. Commenting upon this step, the Revue de l'Amerique Latine (which is published in Paris) remarks that South American peoples are also considering more and more seriously the formation of a Continental Alliance, designed to supplant the Pan-American Union and the League of Nations, and to express the ideals of countries definitely Spanish in origin. One does not feel that this movement will advance as far as our French editorial friends would like it to. Financial and commercial ties are now too strong to be severed by political or cultural feeling. But surely all can see that our policy in Nicaragua is viewed as another reason why Latin America should organize against the "imperialist aggressor." It has made no friends for us. It has moved in precisely the opposite direction from the movement to promote the affiliation of the United States and its neighbor nations in an international organization which must some day supplant present ideas on the Monroe Doctrine.

SOMETHING like a chance to reform is now in the offing. We are glad that President Coolidge has accepted the invitation to attend the sixth international conference of American States, which is to meet in Havana, Cuba, on January 16. It is the first time that a chief executive has officially undertaken a trip into Latin America; and going, as he no doubt will, armed with an address designed to indicate precisely where his country stands on the matter of twin-continental diplomacy, Mr. Coolidge can inaugurate (if Washington sees fit to follow up a good beginning with an equally good sequel) an era of better understanding. Commendably enough, nobody is making a fuss over the technicality of a President journeying abroad. All competent observers realize that a sensible step must be taken at once, and all statesmen, especially, understand that the significance of the voyage lies entirely in the fact that it commits the nation to nothing except an expression of reliable good will. We are informed that all the ambassadors representing the Latin-American peoples will be present at the Havana conference. Why not see in this fact an omen of an assemblage which, in years to come, will prove increasingly important, and will introduce into this hemisphere something like a counterpart of the European League of Nations or Conference of Ambassadors.

REAR-ADMIRAL THOMAS MAGRUDER has followed his criticism of the navy, stated in the form of an article contributed to the Saturday Evening Post, with the declaration that he has no "fully detailed plan for the reorganization of the navy and the Naval Department." One may now legitimately wonder if such a plan is really to be drawn up, or if the issue raised is to be dropped gradually. The fact that Secretary Wilbur promptly requested the Rear-Admiral to supply further information seems to indicate a real desire to benefit by the constructive criticism which an experienced and honest officer could supply. Briefly, the point is not so much that anyone expects to be able to cut the annual naval appropriations in any appreciable manner as that the navy, being a big and complex organization, will profit by first-rate efficiency in the expenditure of those appropriations. If there really is a superabundance of unemployed personnel, if the work of the navy yards is not up to standard, then these costly mistakes ought to be rectified. Coming as they did on the eve of a congressional session, Rear-Admiral Magruder's assertions naturally bore a political significance. They seem to challenge the administration's professions of economy, and for that reason alone will not pass speedily from memory.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT IS to the credit of the leadership of the Republican party that those high in its counsels have not troubled to disguise their disgust of the deliverance of desperation which Colonel Theodore Roosevelt offered as a keynote speech at the state convention in Rochester. Denunciation of Governor Smith was expected, but the assertion that the "red light district has crawled to the very steps of the state capitol" was an utterance of reckless irresponsibility which would be resented by citizens in all parts of the Empire state, irrespective of political affiliation. The dry comment of State Controller Tremaine seems exactly to express the valuation placed by most of those who know the Governor on the remarks of his impetuous assailant: "Over in the State Department of Mental Hygiene," said Mr. Tremaine, "they treat people like the Colonel as continuous cases and try to assist them by occupational therapy. It is surprising what a lot of good it does them."

BUT it is one thing for the leaders of the Republican party to disapprove of the billinsgate in which the attack on Governor Smith was couched, and quite another for them to resist the temptation to make use of it in territory where the vile charges may be made to stick. The New York Times announces in a leading editorial that the diatribe "is at once to be printed as a Republican campaign document and given the widest possible circulation outside of New York." If this allegation is correct, someone is presumably hoping that, in certain parts of the West, the declaration that Governor Smith is working hand in hand with a Tammany which has not changed, to spread vice and encourage graft, may turn possible delegates from him. Of course, this would be contemptible politics; it would also be childishness worthy of rank beside that of the speechmaker whose remarks await broadcasting. It would notify possible Democratic delegates that the man the Republicans fear is the Governor of New York. How it can possibly be expected that those who wish to defeat the Republican choice will be likely to turn immediately to one the Republicans do not fear, would puzzle all but politicians in whom shamelessness is matched by simplicity. The next few months will doubtless present many such puzzles.

REVIEW of the work of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor is planned by many women's study groups, the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference announces. It is fitting that those who are genuinely interested in the many problems of child life should recognize the value of the services rendered by the Bureau, which the Social Action Department praises. In one year of the fifteen of its existence, the Children's Bureau distributed 1,500,000 educational publications and still was unable to meet the demand. Since (as the Social Action Department points out) these publications cover a wide range of subjects in a comprehensive manner and are easily readable, much good should result from a careful study of a program which can be carried to the humblest home in the most remote village. The plans of the various groups provide not only for study of the methods of the Bureau, but also for coöperation in every possible way, and for help in the further development of its work.

WHEN members of the New York bar met recently to consider taking action similar to that of the Philadelphia Law Association, which has condemned the Volstead Act, definite denial was formulated of two declarations made so frequently and fervently by prohibition advocates that they have almost been accepted as gospel. Mr. John M. Gibbons, general attorney for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, punctured the assertion that railroad accidents have decreased as a result of the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. So far from this being true, Mr. Gibbons declared, the actual fact is that, since the passage of the Amendment, they have increased 40 percent. Mr. Gibbons did not assert that more alcohol is being consumed by railroad men; he simply stated the true condition. Several surveys conducted by railroads have established beyond question, he said, that the use of alcohol has never played any important part in causing accidents. This was illuminating, but there was more to come. It seems that the savings banks have been told so often that prohibition was swelling their coffers that they began to wonder where the actual cash was. Therefore the Savings Bank Journal, Mr. John S. Wise, Jr., told his fellow-lawyers, had done a little surveying on its own account. The result, as announced by Mr. Frederick O. Shubert, the associate editor, showed that savings accounts have not increased since prohibition went into effect. Don't bet on prize fights, or the fervent assertions of dry advocates.

SINISTER memories are recalled by the death at Skopia of Milan Ciganovitch, last of the Serajevo plotters to survive. It was he who outfitted the assassins with false passports and weapons; who earned thereby a flimsy fame as a Serbian patriot; and whose name will be borne in mind, while history lasts, to accumulate constantly more odium. Very likely the great war would have taken place had there been no Serajevo incident. How significant it is, however, that the long sequence of murder and tragedy, of death and infamy, should have been inaugurated by a cowardly and brutal killing! Upon the archduke who perished, none of the omissions and deeds of a complacent past were laid. He was, instead, a man of clear vision and exalted purpose, whose life, had it been spared, might have meant the regeneration of a whole European district. The assassins selected an innocent man for slaughter, thus preparing the way for the holocaust of millions of the young, the dreaming and the good. Upon their shields no rust has left a stain; they sleep

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

restfully in numberless flowered fields, have given service bravely and well. But one thinks, somehow, that there will always extend a bleak monotony, terrifying and impressive, round about the unforgettable grave of Milan Ciganovitch.

A SURVEY just completed by the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference shows that in 1926 there were 2,423,019 pupils enrolled in all the Catholic schools of the country, or 109,836 more than were shown by the survey made at the end of 1924. The archdiocese of Chicago led, with 196,819 students; other sees which reported an enrollment of more than 100,000 were the archdioceses of New York and Philadelphia, and the diocese of Brooklyn. One interesting fact disclosed by the comparative figures is that the number of lay teachers has increased considerably. When the 1924 survey was made, there were 7,700 lay instructors, a figure which, at the end of the two years, had mounted to 9,128. In the same period, the number of educational institutions, including seminaries, colleges and normal, secondary and elementary schools, had increased from 9,783 to 10,087, a gain of 304. Another feature of the latest survey worthy of attention is the announcement that there are slightly more male than female pupils in the Catholic institutions. The whole survey is thorough and complete in detail, and is another evidence of the excellent research and statistical work being done by the educational department of the Conference. It is work which bears a clear and important relation to our future educational development.

DURING the eighty years which have passed since the Benedictines first established themselves in the United States, no fewer than twenty abbeys have appeared, to blend with the physical and spiritual landscape of the United States. The hills of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Oregon and Minnesota have all embosomed the peace and sanctity of a monastic effort reflecting the favorite motto, Benedictus montes amabat—Benedict loved the mountains. Today we are asked to share in the rejoicing ushered in by the announcement that, in accordance with a papal brief, a new abbey is to be founded in New Hampshire. For many years the Benedictine college at Manchester has ministered to boys in the northern New England states. The abbey to be, however, means a great deal more—the coming of ancient and revered monasticism into a section which is, to a considerable extent, the cradle of spiritual activity in this country. Doubtless many will welcome it, remembering as they do the great tradition of solid learning and piety, of liturgical living and meditation, which the name "Benedictine" represents. Catholics, of course, have a particular reason for looking thankfully northward to the pleasant New Hampshire mountains, knowing what glorious labor has been performed there for the Faith during the many changing seasons of mingled warmth and cold.

THE singular case of Thérèse Neumann, the young visionary of Konnersreuth, has now aroused so much attention that major newspapers are carrying regular accounts of it. A simple peasant maid, previously quite unknown, attracts thousands of the curious because she bears marks of stigmatization and professes to witness the crucifixion of Christ in a state of mystical trance. Is hers a case of genuine mystical insight or of pathological delusion? The episcopal authority of the diocese of Regensburg has ordered an official investigation, the outcome of which will be awaited with the most intense and widespread interest. Declarations made prior to the authoritative one are, of course, premature and likely to do harm. The official teaching of the Church on matters of this kind seems to be that stigmatization and similar phenomena are always secondary, and nearly always doubtful, concomitants of true mystical insight; and though nearly a hundred years have passed since the death of Katharina Emmerich, whose experiences were witnessed by many creditable persons, the Roman tribunal has not rendered a final decision. We are inclined to believe from reports, however, that the Konnersreuth maid is entirely free from any intent to defraud. Indeed, much that is happening to her is of a rare sweetness and significance, no matter what the ultimate explanation may be. Hermann Bahr writes in the Neuer Wiener Journal: "None of the accounts issuing from Konnersreuth made so deep an impression upon me as that Thérèse's illumination caused her to be blind for a time. The ancient Greeks already knew that insight into mystery must be paid for with the light of the eyes: Teresias the seer was blind. They demonstrated thereby that we can see truth only when all mere appearance is obliterated from our vision."

THAT more is involved in the present discussion of the liturgy than the length of chasubles, or the proper cut of copes, is made evident by an article contributed to the September issue of Blackfriars by Justin McCann. The great movement headed in Germany by the Abbot Herwegen takes for its purpose the substitution of direct, social liturgical worship of God for the more or less subjective, personal forms of devotion and religion which have come to characterize the modern practice of the Faith. Mr. McCann's summary is lucid and suggestive: "It is entirely characteristic of the German liturgical movement that it laid great stress upon its intellectual and theological basis. It does not seek, that is, the externals of the liturgy, but the spirit of the liturgy. It would have the liturgy fully appreciated, in every aspect, but especially does it desire a firm grasp upon the fundamental Christian doctrines that are enshrined and perfectly expressed in the liturgy. It would lead the Catholic away from a too subjective and individualistic religion to an objective and social worship. It would discourage trivial and secondary devotions, and nourish the soul on the majestic simplicities of the liturgy. It would form the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soul not to importunate self-examination, or to rather fussy formalities of a curiously human religiosity, but to the direct worship of God. The solemn refrain of the Mass, 'Per Christum Dominum nostrum,' is its watchword."

SOME there are who will want to know just why Dr. George Thomas, president of the University of Utah, disclosed certain facts concerning conditions at the University of Minnesota in his annual address to the members of his faculty. It can scarcely be believed that he desired an exodus of bright, handsome, young professors; but if he did not, why should he have called attention to the fact that, in the sister seat of learning, the attractions of the feminine students are so great that the professors just have to give them much higher ratings than men of equal attainments? A survey at Minnesota, according to Dr. Thomas, showed that girls who measure intellectually 25 on a scale of 100 have as good a chance of graduation as men who have a mental ability measured at 35. He therefore propounded this question: "Do co-eds make good grades by working at the subjects, or by 'working' the professors?" A most interesting query, but one which scarcely admits of a general and all-inclusive answer. At the University of Minnesota, it would appear that "working" the professors is a good line, but there are other colleges where female influence is not so powerful, and certainly there are some where professors are not so susceptible.

HAVING seen a host of references in out-of-the-way places to Mayor Walker's comparatively triumphant tour of Europe, we know that he riveted the attention of an extraordinary number of continental minds. Small, provincial papers in France and Germany announced their pleasure at having caught a glimpse of his cane, and the Paris Vie Catholique, among others, reproduced his likeness for the edification of its readers. People took no end of pleasure in the fact that the mayor of the world's largest city is of what is termed "immigrant origin," and found America to be closer at hand as a result. We are reminded of an older story about a former governor of Illinois, who traveled to Ireland and visited the city from which his ancestors had come. Nobody was impressed by his rank and prowess until it was casually announced that he had previously been mayor of Chicago. Then the plaudits were unending and the admiration limitless. From a local point of view it is good to see that Mr. Walker constantly retained a consciousness of his position. He made no comments on art or the League of Nations to his supporters, but let them know that he found much that was illuminating in London's management of traffic and similar matters. The Mayor may be too dapper for his own good, but it is impossible not to admire his tact and alertness, his grasp of the point to be made. He is a living illustration of how much Tammany has learned.

LONGEVITY OF NUNS

ONE of the most interesting dissertations submitted in recent years in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy has just been published by the Catholic University of America. In choosing as his subject the longevity of members of Catholic religious sisterhoods, Mr. Constantine John Fecher discovered a topic of wide appeal. Patient research and development of his theme by means of comparative tables and references to authoritative sources have yielded reliable results, of value not only to Catholics, lay as well as religious, but to actuaries and to all, generally, who are interested in the subject of life extension.

The investigation undertaken by Mr. Fecher considers members of Catholic religious sisterhoods in the United States for the period from January 1, 1900, to January 1, 1925. In gathering data, he appealed to the superiors of every mother-house in the country for coöperation, with the result that some 35,000 questionnaires were filled out directly from the records at the various headquarters.

These, together with information garnered from other sources, show that the death-rate of sisters from the age of twenty years on is, as a whole, lower than the death-rate of the white females of the general population, both married and unmarried. In arriving at this conclusion, two facts regarding the general death-rate of women in America were disclosed: first, the difference in the longevity of married and of single women is becoming more and more insignificant each year, and secondly, the status of the single woman with respect to the death-rate has improved very considerably since the beginning of the century.

"What, then," asks Mr. Fecher, "are the possibilities in the future of the further reduction of the death-rate and of increasing the average length of life of the sisters in the United States?" He answers his own question by declaring that, according to the causes of death which have been studied and tabulated, "there is room for the reduction of the rate from tuberculosis by from 40 to 50 percent." "If," he remarks, "the tuberculosis death-rate were reduced by 50 percent for the life period of the sisters between 20 and 40 years of age, it would mean a saving of more than one life per thousand annually at every age [there are four ages between these limits for classification purposes] of the period."

In making his investigation cover a period of twenty-five years, the author has found it possible to compare conditions at the beginning of the century with those of to-day. But he has gone much further: he has divided this period of marked improvement, and is able to show how definite the up-curve has been in the last fifteen years. Thus, a sister who, at the age of twenty, began her life's work at any time in the period from 1900 to 1909 could expect an average life span of 44.50 years; while one beginning at the same

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age in the period from 1910 to 1924 might expect to reach 47.21 years—or 2.71 years longer, on the average. This advantage of 2.71 years held true for practically all ages of the life span.

By making classifications at four different ages, certain comparisons are brought into relief. Says the author: "The relation of the death-rates of 'all' sisters for the period 1920-1924 and the white females of the registration area for the period 1919-1920 should be noted. The rate of 'all' sisters, 1920-1924, at the age of twenty-two years, is 1.42 less per thousand than that of the white females of the same age, 1919-1920. At age of twenty-seven, the difference in the death-rate increases to 2.14 per thousand; at the age of thirty-two to 2.22 per thousand, and decreases to 1.40 per thousand at the age of thirty-seven years. The considerable advantage of the sisters during this critical period of life is worthy of note."

Comparing the rate of mortality of "all" sisters from 1910 to 1924 with the rates of white females of the United States census, 1919-1920, it is shown that the mortality rate of the religious is lower for all ages up to seventy-eight years, after which, for some reason, the white females show a lower rate.

ROADS TO THE FESTIVAL

THE conflict between the Messrs. Tunney and Dempsey cost as much as a small war. Indeed, it did almost as much damage, if one takes into consideration the diverse gentlemen who died of heart-failure as a result, and the additional motor casualties occasioned by congested traffic and impaired digestions. These observations are not made for the purpose of justifying a reference by way of analogy to Sherman's famous remark. They suggest another point which has, for the most part, been overlooked, both by those who enjoyed the fistic spectacle and those who considered it a display of barbarism. It takes a great deal to arouse people to the state where they will rush complacently into a war. It required a considerable amount of shrewd effort to get the vast fight crowd moving toward Chicago—moving in endless auto caravans which clogged the highways all the distance from McKeesport to the Indiana dunes, moving by trains which taxed the capacity of the world's greatest railway terminal, moving, in short, by all the devices of transportation known to modern man.

What was that effort, in the final analysis? Well, to a considerable extent it must be dubbed publicity. All the engines designed to rivet attention upon a single fact—engines now so adequately catalogued that no mention of them is necessary—were set in motion to prevent millions of folk from turning their thoughts to anything besides fistic strife. It is not easy to imagine how fierce the spotlight was which flooded those few rope-girdled square feet upon which the popular Dempsey and the studious Tunney slugged magnificently. And if there be men who feel that all the radiance was wasted, that it illuminated nothing except a manifestation of boorishness, it is perhaps their duty to study the causes of the display and to seek to apply them to more fruitful ends. Certainly if one-half of this intense light could be turned upon the problem of peace, American effort to outlaw war would be epochal. If the ends which religion serves could thus be thrown into relief, the greatest of revivals would dawn.

The fight, however, was not solely the creation of publicity. It filled a need which is coming to occupy a greater and greater position in American life. Some time ago, Mrs. Gerould called attention to the love of ritual which characterizes so many of our people. Another essayist might well find it profitable to analyze the national interest in festivals—in common celebrations round some dynamic centre, some dramatic event. Perhaps the war, which in many respects affected us so little, did convey the truth that there is something stirring about crowd enthusiasms. It is also quite probable that, given excellent highways and the means of crossing them, we feel deeply the need of something human to which to go. The United States is a country of magnificent scenery and preposterously monotonous towns. It is a place worth crossing precisely in proportion to the extent that it has been left uninhabited by man. But one needs a certain gift for loneliness to appreciate constant doses of scenery, and most people, it has been known since Aristotle's time, have no such meditative gift.

This festival impulse is, in itself, healthy and fruitful. We ought to remember that, not so long ago, the throngs which flocked to the vast city of the Middle-West were bent on a high and mystical pilgrimage. They came anxious to do reverence to the Eucharist by participating in the splendid pageant that had been organized, to absorb from a colorful dramatic event a new realization of spiritual beauty. There is, of course, no possible comparison between the Eucharistic Congress and the Dempsey-Tunney fight. Yet in a manner they sprang from the same impulse, the same desire. Both were festivals to which almost countless citizens came because they desired the company of their fellows at a board of unusual attractiveness.

Certainly it seems quite possible that religion should prove able to utilize this instinct in the future. Though the highest purpose of the liturgy is to worship God, its human, practical end is to render devotion interesting and enthusiastic. In ages gone by, the gathering of crowds for some sacred feast was a commonplace affair. Perhaps modern America is destined to see a revival of liturgy in this sense. Before that can come, however, we shall have to devote considerably more attention to the nature and conduct of the sacred festivals. We shall have to consider them, not as parts of a routine, not as fulfillments of a duty, but as incomparable dramatic events, the interest and significance of which is not to be matched by any of the bouts or ballyhoos which now engross the public.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ROMAN QUESTION AGAIN

By ENRICO PUCCI

(In view of recent despatches from Rome calling attention to the relations between the Vatican and the Fascist government, the article which follows is particularly timely and interesting. Monsignor Enrico Pucci, the author, writes with authority, as the accredited liaison officer between the Holy See and the press of the world. If, as a recent radiogram to the New York Herald Tribune asserts, there are indications that "a delicate point is rapidly being reached" in the relations between the Pope and Signor Mussolini on the Roman question, Monsignor Pucci should be among the first to recognize such symptoms. His article gives definite information concerning the attitude of Pope Benedict XV on this much-discussed question, and a very clear intimation of the manner in which it is regarded by the present Supreme Pontiff.—The Editors.)

THE political unity of Italy was completed on September 20, 1870, by the forcible occupation of the city of Rome. The pontifical state, which had been gradually losing its provinces since 1860, then lost its capital and disappeared from the political map of Europe. From that moment the Pope, Pius IX, shut himself up in the Vatican. His successors have maintained the same attitude, considering that any other would signify adherence to the political dispensation created in 1870 by the occupation of Rome. In order to regulate the situation, the Italian government in 1871 passed a law—the famous Law of Guarantees—which was not accepted by the Pope, as it constituted a unilateral act, passed on the assumption that the Papacy was subject to the legislative powers of Italy.

Fifty-seven years have elapsed, and the position has remained substantially the same. Public opinion, however, has changed. The hostility toward the Catholic Church which caused the Pope to be considered as an enemy of Italy, and the Papacy to be regarded as the element which should be compelled to adapt itself to the new state of things, is now a matter of the past. Today the Pope is considered as representing a religious and moral power which Italy venerates and respects, and with which she must settle differences in a spirit of careful justice. The experiences of the great war and the prestige gained by the Holy See during its course, especially, have entirely modified Italian public opinion. The men who succeeded to power before Benito Mussolini had begun to feel that it would be useful and convenient for Italy to end the dissensions which separate her from the Papacy. This sentiment may be said to have reached its maturity during the Fascist régime, as the Duce has let no occasion escape of showing, by both words and deeds, that he ardently desires that his great work for the reconstitution of the fortunes of Italy should find its climax in the solution of the Roman question.

The firm and dignified attitude of the Holy See after the loss of temporal power has shown that the solution of the question does not depend upon the Italian state, which has taken everything and now possesses everything, but upon the Holy See, which has lost everything and now possesses nothing. One theory which has current standing is that it would be sufficient to recognize the Pope as having a real sovereignty over the Vatican palaces, of which, according to the Law of Guarantees, he has only the use, with the obligation of conserving and taking care of them. But it is related that Benedict XV, speaking of this solution, said concisely and expressively: "But the Vatican is a palace and not a territory." Another time, when the same Sovereign Pontiff was privately asked his opinion, he remarked that it was not possible to consider a solution except on a territorial basis.

In the course of my work as journalist I have several times had to deal with the Roman question, and I have had the fortune to hear his opinion on this subject directly from Benedict XV.

The first time that Pope Benedict expressed an opinion on any article of mine was in November, 1915, when I commented, in one of the Roman dailies, on the speech made at Palermo by Signor Orlando, then Minister of Justice. Signor Orlando lauded the existing situation, praising the Law of Guarantees and its application on the occasion of the participation of Italy in the European war, just six months before. I replied by putting aside the discussion about the cases specified by the law, and by analyzing instead the principle on which the law itself is based.

I said that the political philosophy which has presided over the formation of European states considers civil society as the only juridically perfect society, and also considers absolute independence and sovereignty as its exclusive attribute, so that all such prerogatives are held only as part of those which really belong to the state, and which the state alone can communicate to others. Catholic doctrine, on the contrary, starts from the concept of the Church, a perfect society in itself not less than civil society, and then recognizes, in order to establish relations between the one and the other, a twofold sphere of authority: the spiritual authority belonging to the Church, and the temporal authority belonging to the civil power. As men are subject to both these authorities in their spiritual and temporal duties, everything regarding spiritual duties is the exclusive competency of the Church, and everything regarding temporal interests is the exclusive competency of the state; while when it is a question of duties which man is obliged to fulfill both as believer and as citizen—materiae mixtae—the authority of the Church must prevail, because spiritual interests prevail over material interests. Still the Church, in these cases,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always exercises its authority with a spirit of conciliation and of reciprocal concord and compliance, as is proved by the many concordats which it has concluded with various nations with the aim of establishing, by mutual agreement, rules for the exercise of its power.

Given these principles, it is clear that any doctrine or law which recognizes the independence and sovereignty of the Church, not as its own original right, but as a concession from others, cannot be accepted. Even if the Popes had never had territorial authority, historically, the Church would have always had a right, independently from the concession of any state, to independence and sovereignty in the field of her competency. The Roman question, therefore, is not limited to the proportions of a dispute between a dispossessed sovereign and the one who has taken possession of his kingdom. It is on a much higher plane, because it refers rather to the Church in its inherent constitution before the modern state than to the historical vicissitudes of the Papacy before Italy.

In concluding the article (as Italy had just entered into war) I wrote:

> We do no work of division or anti-patriotism in re-evoking these principles. From them, rather, we draw strength to fulfill, with deeper conviction of spirit, our duty toward our country, because it is our faith, it is the Catholic Church, that teaches us that the citizen must faithfully, generously, even at the cost of sacrifices, fulfill his obligations toward the state, arbiter of temporal interests and interpreter of that which the country may demand of her children in the gravest hours. If, besides this civil conscience, the Church creates in us a religious conscience, it is not to raise differences, but to compose the diverse elements into a beautiful harmony, as nature herself has harmoniously formed soul and body, spiritual and temporal, in man.

Pope Benedict XV sent for me to tell me that he appreciated the article and fully approved of it.

Six years later, in June, 1921, diplomatic relations had been resumed again between France and the Holy See. A Roman newspaper, whose tradition was decidedly anti-papal, resolutely opened the discussion about the Roman question; observing that, after the war, all nations competed in establishing friendly pacts with the Vatican, and that only Italy, in consequence of not having resolved this question, had remained deprived of contact with that powerful centre of international life, the Roman Pontificate. The newspaper concluded by saying that Italy had given such proofs of maturity and strength during the war, that she could now face even the solution of the Roman question. The principal Italian journals took part in the discussion, all speaking in most deferential terms of the Vatican, and all expressing the hope of seeing the old dissensions which, for too long a time, had separated Italy from the Holy Apostolic See, done away with.

I also took part in this discussion with an article in which I noted the criticisms made against the Law of Guarantees. I remarked that a very considerable part of public opinion and of the political world, which had hitherto considered that law as a juridical masterpiece, and as the irrevocable word of the Italian state on the Roman question, now held it to be insufficient, and desired that there be substituted for it other measures designed to resolve the Roman question in a manner acceptable to the Holy See.

After examining the possibility of such a solution, I remarked that a great confusion had been made between the position of the Pope before the whole world and his position before Italy. There were thus actually two problems. The first was the fundamental problem which must be really called the Roman question, that is, the question of the position of the Pope before the world. On this point the Pope must defend the full and original sovereignty of the Church and its real independence in exercising it, while Italy must extend such recognitions as would make it evident to the faithful of the whole world that the Pope was free, independent and sovereign in his own right and not through concession from the Italian state. The other problem, which might be called the Italian question, was that which regarded the situation of the Church in relation to the specific religious situation of Italy. Italy, like all the other nations, has the religious interests and duties of her people to regulate and to guarantee, at home and abroad, and this could be done, after the first question was met, with a concordat between the Holy See and the government.

The Pope had his opinion on this second article of mine communicated to me. This time it was not, as before, approval, pure and simple. My article contained, among others, this passage:

> The Pope can one day, through the changed conditions of the times, through the greater facility with which he exercises his spiritual ministry, renounce the summum jus of the pure and simple return to former times. But he can never renounce the right and duty of asking something that would efficaciously substitute, before the Catholic world, the lost guarantee.

Pope Benedict XV sent me the page of the newspaper on which the first part of this passage was marked in red ink, and wrote on the margin:

> But what summum jus? I have taken my oaths and I must keep them.

I replied that I had not intended to speak of a pure and simple renunciation of the territorial sovereignty, but only wished to hint at the possibility of the Pope renouncing the return to the pontifical state as existing in 1870. I believe that the Pope accepted my explanation, because he sent me no further message.

The episode, however, shows with what delicacy and scrupulosity of conscience he considered the Roman question. One can also deduce from it that he considered the sole possibility of the settling of that question to consist in the creation, for the Pope, of a real and actual territorial sovereignty, even if in very re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stricted proportions. There is already a similar example in Italy in the case of the republic of San Marino. And I have reason to believe that, at present, such hypotheses as are advanced in regard to the possibilities of solution, are always founded upon some such idea.

Before concluding this article I wish to mention two statements made on the subject of the Roman question, on two solemn occasions. If they do not indicate the way in which the reconciliation between the Pope and Italy can be effected, they still show the spirit in which the difficult question will finally be dealt with.

Benito Mussolini spoke of it in the Chamber, also in June, 1921. He was then only a deputy of the Chamber, and head of a small group of deputies; but already his audacious soul and his deep sorrow for the sad political conditions of Italy made him dream of bringing a new life into his country. Discussing the general problem, he solemnly affirmed that the sole voice that still spoke in the world in a language worthy of the history and grandeur of Rome was that of the Vatican; that, thanks to the Vatican, a Roman voice was again listened to throughout the whole world by more than three hundred millions of subjects; and that the only universal idea in the world was that represented by Catholicism. He concluded that it was a great mistake for the government of Italy to ignore such a reality, while real Italian interests should suggest the favoring of the prestige of the Papacy.

But some time afterward a much higher, more solemn and authoritative voice came from the Vatican. At the end of 1922, Pius XI published the encyclical that, with the motto "The Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ," expounded and explained the program of his Pontificate. Rejoicing at the increasing number of nations in official relations with the Holy See, he yet noted with profound sorrow that in the friendly meeting of so many states, Italy, his dearest country, was not present. He mentioned that the divine origin of the sovereignty of the Church, as well as the rights of the faithful of all the world, require that that sovereignty continue to exist; and added that, up to the present, nothing had been found to substitute for the guarantee of liberty which the Providence of God had disposed for His Church in the civil power of the Roman Pontiffs, and that, from the existing abnormal condition, there arose a great and permanent disturbance in the consciences of the Catholics of Italy and the whole world. He continued:

> We, therefore, heir and depositary of the thought and of the duties of our venerated predecessors, invested, like them, with the sole competent authority in the gravest subject and responsible before God, protest as they have protested, against such a condition of things, to defend the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See, and not for any vain or earthly ambition. . . . Italy never had and never will have anything to fear from the Holy See. The Pope, whosoever he may be, will always repeat: "I think thoughts of peace and not of affliction." His thoughts are thoughts of real peace, and as they are not separated from justice, it may be said: "Justice and peace have kissed." It is for God to bring this hour and to make it sound; it is for wise men of good will to let it not sound in vain. It will be one of the most solemn and fruitful hours for the restoration of the Kingdom of Christ, as well as for the pacification of Italy and of the world.

Thus spoke Pius XI at the beginning of his Pontificate. More beautiful or worthier words could not be found to close a study of the Roman question. Everything makes us believe that the hour indicated and invoked by the Pope is approaching. May it indeed sound soon, and may all men of good will be ready, that it shall not pass in vain!

ALONG THE SHANNON

By PADRAIC COLUM

THERE is one highway in Ireland upon which the traveler need feel no sense of being alien from early or even from legendary times: that highway is the river Shannon. One sees no towns nor villages on either side as one goes down parts of it; there are fields, tilled and untilled; the wild duck rise and fly in threes; cormorants sit like sentinels upon rocks and then hasten away as one goes by. This expansive, peaty-brown water belongs to times undated and legendary, and even the noise of the motor which drives the boat cannot distract one from the sense of the past. This river is as it was when the coracles of saints went up and down on it in search of more perfect solitudes, and the boats of marauding Norsemen came up it to plunder the monasteries.

A few days ago I had been where the Shannon has its rise, and now as I look upon its wide water here I think that no great river ever made a less sensational appearance. In a farmer's field in County Cavan there is a pool of an irregular oval shape and about the size of the kitchen floor in one of the cottages. Out of this pool issues a stream which one could leap easily across; this stream is the Shannon on its first appearance. Higher up are the low Quilca hills: waters gather there, flow underground, and then, through a fault in the limestone rock, rise into this pool. The water is still and brown; a few bog-myrtles grow across the pool. . . . I expected to see some sacred tree here—the mountain-ash dropping red berries or the hazel showering its nuts of knowledge into the water. There is only a dim remembrance of a mythology connected with the river's source: an old man whom I questioned regarding it told me of a horse leaping up out of the ground here.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The stream that is the beginning of the Shannon has bog-myrtles growing across it and reeds springing up the middle of it. It widens; a large stream empties into it; it widens still more and flows through a lake—Loch Allen, so shallow as to be unnavigable; the Shannon, flowing out, has become shallow and unnavigable too.

A canal running alongside the river makes it possible to take a boat from Loch Allen to the second of the Shannon lakes—Loch Ree. Loch Ree has wide and deep water, and it is down Loch Ree that we travel now.

There are islets upon this lake and we land on one of them—Hare Island. Here are trees with ivy growing thickly round trunks and branches. Ivy covers the ground, and holly is all about. There are banks of brackens. All is green, but sombre green—the green of an enclosure, not of open places. But here and there the low-sized mountain-ash holds up bunches of berries that have the red of flowers. There is no song of birds; now and again a wren flits silently from the ivy of one branch to the ivy of another. But the islet, it soon appears, is not the sanctuary which it seemed to be. We meet an angry man who is the steward attached to the one house on the island. He is going to be up and watching all night: fellows have been coming to the island and stealing trees. A night's work here gets several trees down and away in boats. The civic guards have not been able to trace the timber stolen, but it is suspected that the depredations are the act of fishermen from a village down the river. They cut up the timber and use it to make or repair their boats, and one cannot identify it or claim it in their yards and sheds. He is a suspicious steward, and is not sure but that we are associated with the raiders.

Leaving the islet we soon come in sight of the bridge and castle of Athlone—storied places. But we cannot write about Athlone now, nor about ancient Clonmacnoise which we come to when we pass Athlone, that town which commanded the Shannon and the passage to the west. The next day we are in the third, the last and the largest, of the Shannon lakes.

It is a great expanse of water lying between three counties—Galway, Clare and Tipperary. From the Clare side our eyes search in vain for the brown Shannon stream. In that expanse the entrance and egress of the great river cannot be marked. The peaty color of the Shannon has left no trace on the lake; in this August sunlight the water is flashing as though flakes of fire were dropping upon it. The ripples take the sun and break forward in lustre.

In Loch Derg, about eight miles from Killaloe, in Clare, is the island of Iniscealtra. There are ruins on Iniscealtra which belong to the very earliest period of Christian history in Ireland—the period of the emergence from paganism. . . . Those early saints, one must think, had a different outlook from the saints who founded the later monasteries. These put their establishments on the trading and traveling routes, and had an eye for good pasturage and good tillage-land. The earlier saints seem to have chosen places for one thing only—fairness of scene. And there could be no fairer scene in Ireland than the one that is to be beheld across the water from this fifty-acre island.

> Fresh in wild holiness over
> Each glittering mile,
> And green with the blessings of Cellach,
> There lies an isle,
> Founded on its own shadow
> Of brambles and grass—
> Its selvage of brambles still bending
> Where saints sang the Mass;
> Yet healing of sleep and the quiet
> Of wells still are there,
> With cold rushes telling their beads
> On stones of dumb prayer!

I was able to say these lines by F. R. Higgins, a poet who has written often and beautifully of these lake-island retreats.

I had been here before, and in a company which included the noted archeologist, Professor R. A. S. Macalister. Professor Macalister gave me afterward his notes on the early inhabitants of this island—a saint named Colum was the first of them:

> Now on the day of the arrival of holy Colum at Iniscealtra, the Lord made for him a supper. For there was on that island a tree by the name tilia, whose juice distilling filled a vessel; and the liquor had the flavor of honey and the headiness of wine. And with that best of liquors were holy Colum and his followers filled. Now Colum lived in Iniscealtra for a long time, and the birds of heaven were wont to have friendly intercourse with him, and to sport fluttering about his face. Then Nadcuimius, his pupil, said to him, "Master, wherefore do the birds not flee from thee, whereas us they avoid?" To him, Colum answered, "Wherefore should birds flee from a bird? For as a bird flieth, my mind never ceaseth to fly up to heaven?" . . . After this, holy Colum, not enduring the vexations of men visiting him, and shunning earthly pomps, left Iniscealtra for an island of that sea which is called Luimnech, and there held Iniseirc.

This saint was not the first occupant of the island, Professor Macalister surmises. We hear of a woman who lived here; legend has it that the round tower on the island was left unfinished because of her scoffing at the builder. He came down from the top of the tower and struck her with his hammer, metamorphosing her into a figure of stone. And there she remained with the mark of the hammer upon her, and there the tower stood unfinished. She was a fairy hag, says the folk-tale. Professor Macalister thinks she was a Druidess, and the original custodian of the island's sacred tree. She cursed the saint who came to take the tree from her.

One would vastly like to know something more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about this fairy hag, but neither tradition nor what has been written in the books has anything more to say about her. In the folk-tale about the struggle between her and the builder of the tower, Professor Macalister sees "a dim recollection of the early struggle between Christianity and paganism on the island" (Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Volume XXXIII, section C, no. 6.). He concludes that the saint was not completely victorious, and that the statement about his "not enduring the vexations of men visiting him" was an excuse. The first saint had to leave Iniscealtra.

But, of course, paganism and its Druidesses could not long possess such an island-retreat as Iniscealtra against the enterprise of the saints of the sixth century. They came and they left a long succession; their legends are in books, and the names of a few of them are on inscribed stones which are still to be seen here—

> A prayer for the Chief Elder of Ireland, for Cathasach.
> A prayer for Tórnóc, who made the cross.

And then, after a thousand years, the Faith which the saints had taught to people around the lake became proscribed itself. . . .

> At a place called Minahinshe . . . and at another place called Inishgaltraghe in Connaught, an island near the Shannon side, there was gathered together in each place to the number of at least 15,000 persons and some say there were many more,

reports an English deputy to the privy council. And what was the purpose that these persons had gathered for? To hear

> the Jesuits and priests from abroad. . . . The most eager and stirring of them usually come and go hence with the swallow, making a yearly revenue here of poor and rich, with their indulgences, pardons, and other Romish illusions. . . . There is not one of them, from the murderer of his brother to him that steals a goat, but believes in them, and flocks to them, and will make a conscience to cherish and protect them from officers, if any be so honest and dutiful as to offer to attach them.

The round tower associated with the early saints still stands; it is topless, and it has always been topless, the archeologists say. A round tower is always strange-looking and impressive: it stands isolated in time and place, and yet its stones have associations with 1,500 years of Irish history. Here, the mortar has dropped from between, and yet the stones remain together, grey stone topping grey stone. The tower is eighty feet high, and it stands beside a ninth-century chapel. The proximity of tower and chapel is like some scenic arrangement, a device for evoking the feelings and associations which we have for Celtic life. The little chapel has the bareness of the stones and the significance of the stones: the doorway is its only architectural feature, and the order of the doorway seems to have come less from the conquest of the stones than from some coöperation between the builder and his material. The decoration seems to have been made by simple-minded men who were used to working in hard materials.

In the chapel, on the ground or against the walls, are stone monuments; they show inscriptions, crosses, circles, elaborate Celtic patterns, all cut in stone. In the monks' burial place, as we pass along, we see varied designs of cross and circle and interlaced pattern upon stones. The garden enclosure is still marked and the postern to the garden remains. There is a chapel with a doorway intact; there is another chapel—a late one—in which stands an altar of stone. A broken figure has been set upon it. In this roofless building the altar looks wide and archaic—a Druid's altar.

And then, in the middle of the island, there is a cell—perhaps the cell of the first anchoret of the island; there are great ramparts around, earth-works now become grassy circles. Standing within the inner circle one can survey the whole island. Iniscealtra is like a green mound; a few trees are scattered across the green, and a thick clump of ash and hawthorn is near the landing-place. The island must be very fair when all that hawthorn is in bloom. At present its beauty is in its setting in the blue water. The tower dominates the island. It was the citadel of the monastery: the stones could not be fired; the building could not be undermined; there was no corner-stone the removal of which would make a breach in the tower; the door was covered with plates of iron. The treasures of the monastery and its books could be put into the tower when marauders appeared.

Among the bushes we discover another relic of monastic life. Here are four upright stones with a wider cell before them. I remember that the archeologist thought that the island's anchoret had had himself walled up between the upright stones, and that the cell in front was for the use of those who came to him for confession or instruction. A little below this cell there is a single slab: it may mark the grave of the anchoret. I leave the island thinking about him. And about the daughters of Fergus whose feast used to be celebrated here. No one can tell us anything about them, but I think it no harm to repeat one of the beautiful old aspirations in which they are mentioned—"The women-children of Fergus I beseech, the chaste ones without an evil course."

Young Men Dream Dreams

The stars that men have followed
  Are silver lances cast
By strong young warriors standing
  In the mornings of the past.

And this is immortality,
  This is life in death—
That I have left a star behind
  Frosted with my breath.

DENNIS J. O'NEILL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SYMBOLISM IN CLAUDEL'S TÊTE D'OR

By SISTER SAINT URSULA

WHILE yet a boy in his teens, our new French ambassador, Paul Charles Louis Claudel, sat under the leaders of the symbolists in French literature. Almost from the start a devout symbolist, M. Claudel recognized the mystic beauty "in the octave of God's creation," and after his return to Catholicism he trusted his art and the dreams of his soul to this one-time-despised school. The story within the story, the nuance in tone and color to suggest a deeper meaning to the printed word, the melody in rhythm to reflect the ever-changing impressions of the soul to this one-time-despised school. The story within of the symbolists. But to have expressed the beauty and passion and power of this doctrine in terms of perfect symbolic drama is the glory of only one, Paul Claudel.

Tête d'Or is a symbol enriched with symbols. The hero of the drama is Simon Agnel, or simply Tête d'Or, as the soldiers call him on account of his golden hair. The other important characters in the play are Cébès, Tête d'Or's friend, the king and his daughter, the princess. Each of the characters suggests a symbol of the material flare of the world or of the hidden secrets of the spirit. Hence the major mode in the play is symbolized in the outward triumph of human strength, as portrayed in the ambitious career of Simon Agnel; the minor mode, more tender and elusive, is symbolized in the inward glorification of sacrifice, as seen in the play of divine grace in the princess's soul.

Let us here review the details in the mysterious questing of these souls. In the first part of the drama, after Simon has buried with his own hands her who symbolizes sensual passion, he is unable to throw off the melancholy that sits heavily upon him, until, stirred by the pleadings of the powerless Cébès, he is aroused to the responsibility of leadership. Then as if to recall his noble origin he addresses his "father, the tree":

> O wood, in this hour of sorrow! O murmuring branches impart to me
> That message which I am, and of which I feel within me the terrible striving,
> For you yourself are only a ceaseless striving, the unwearied drawing of your body out of inanimate matter.

The power of this appeal finally frees Simon from "the sting of the flesh." His awakened manhood acts as a spur to his ambition, and though still unable to understand the meaning of life, he longs to become a man of action, and piteously cries out for help to death, to the night, and to earth.

The second act of the play is a dismal picture of inaction, jealous confusion and a gamble for kingship. The setting is symbolic of waning power. Night is passing in the palace of the king. The watchers are snoring. Cébès is dying. A lonely figure—an old man of eighty years—a half-crazed king, barefoot, in disordered attire, wanders through the palace awaiting news of his army led to battle by a stranger—Tête d'Or. As night wears on, the king arouses the watchers from their drowsy stupor. One by one they curse him, this fading resemblance of monarchy.

Upon this gloomy scene enters the king's daughter, the princess. She consoles her father, and ministers to Cébès. Then, as if to strike the Wagnerian strain of symbolism and "bring us into direct communication with the very spirit of his characters," the king orders the princess to don her richest garments and return to the watchers. She obeys. In the scene which follows, the princess well may symbolize the awakened consciences of the watchers. The dialogue between them is significant of such a suggestion.

The fourth watcher:

> It is all a play, but why does she turn herself toward us
> With the face of bygone things and of regrets?
> We salute you, reproach,
> O notary of the dying, now you are drawing near us bearing your book and scroll.

The princess:

> O fools!
> Fools! What shall I say? What shall I leave unsaid?
> Did you believe that you could hide from me?
> I penetrate to the bottom of your souls. Nothing is hidden in obscuring shadow.
>
> I could call each of you
> By his name and summon him to stand and face me
> And one by one I could recount his acts
> Showing his deeds of folly and how he had sinned
> Through his own fault and not the fault of another.

The princess withdraws, doffs her robes and loses her conscience-provoking power. The morning breaks and with the dawn comes Cassius from the fields of Mars announcing the longed-for news of victory.

The pulse of the play quickens. The action moves rapidly and Tête d'Or, the triumphant leader, rushes upon the scene. The king advances to greet him:

> You have preserved this kingdom. . . .
> May blessings gather on your beloved head.
> Enter, conquering hero,
> Welcome to this hearth and to this shadowy hall almost bereft of light.

A sense of awe overwhelms the jostling, curious crowd and one by one they bow down before their idol crying "Hail!"

Then comes a retard. The dying Cébès wants to speak to the "man with the power to conquer." In this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interview between the two friends there is a commingling of feebleness and strength. Cébès suggests the weaker part of humanity; Tête d'Or, the strong selfish leader. Cébès dies. Tête d'Or is heartlessly indifferent to that love he has professed for his friend and to that "fear which stands on the threshold of every death." Ambition is all.

He balks, "as haughty as a god," against the bickerings of this "nation of hens," jealously determined now to maim the glory he has achieved, as he boasts, alone. In his mad, inebriated egoism he stabs the poor old king, and crowns himself with his own hands.

The princess returns to the hall to seek her father who, to her at least, was

> august as the ascension of the hand when it begins the sign of the cross.

On perceiving the gold-circled head of the murderer she murmurs the predictive words:

> The blood of my father is on you.
> It has fallen upon you like rain
> And your own shall flow like a spring.

Heedless of her prophecy, dominating, by the force of his will alone, the seething confusion he has stirred, Tête d'Or exults in his triumph.

The grand totality in the final act of this powerful play is a literary chef-d'oeuvre patterned on the technique of El Greco. The whole masterful effect of the great artist is reproduced in the extraordinary concentration of power, the strange but puissant tableau, the lack of color and the distinctively characteristic elongated figure.

A cold night wraps around a lofty terrace in the Caucasus mountains. Colossal trees stand sentry. A deep gorge, street-like, runs westward. From afar is heard the noise of marching men and the clanging of harness. The arch-protagonist is embattling his troops for a last gamble for conquest. The princess, now wan and attenuated, clothed in leaves and the skins of animals, is stretched in the brush-wood upon the terrace. She, too, has wandered far afield achieving in her mystic way a greater conquest than her antagonist. Her heart, likewise, has overleapt frontiers and is soon to consummate on this mountain altar, incensed by her sweet forgiveness, the holocaust of wonderful sacrifice.

Some moments later Tête d'Or and a detachment from the army ride up the terrace and place themselves on the highest point to overlook the rampart and discuss its points of vantage. When they are about to leave, they accidentally notice the figure of a woman lying in the thickets. Thinking that she is dying of thirst they give her to drink. No one recognizes her. She signs to them that she is hungry. Tête d'Or gives her his black bread and then they ride off. Hardly has the princess begun to eat when a deserter sneaks upon her and demands the bread. But when he recognizes in this wretched creature the daughter of his former king, he fiercely strikes her and in his blind hate drags her to a tree and brutally nails her to it. In the meantime the battle in the lowland has been fought.

A group of soldiers climb the precipice bearing the body of the dying Tête d'Or, whom they wish to lay in this isolated spot. He addresses them an affectionate farewell:

> I desire for you a soaring mind, a courage with shoes of fire. . . .
> I bid you beware of compromise and of altering yourselves. . . .
> Take a resolution and steadfastly follow it! . . .

Then, according to his wish, they reluctantly leave him alone to die. The princess who is hidden by the drooping branches has not been discovered by the soldiers. Her torture becomes unendurable, and wrings from her cries of anguish. Tête d'Or hears her sobs and, with the courage of the dying, drags himself to where she hangs. He recognizes her whom he has cruelly wronged. The final issues are at stake. Up to this point human strength, which has triumphed, with noisy clamor, throughout the career of Tête d'Or, is stayed by supernatural grace. The princess, who has recognized, in her adversary, God's instrument for her perfection, has made use of her wrongs to grow strong in the strength of divine power, and can now assure Tête d'Or, without bitterness, of her forgiveness.

Overcome by this "glorification of sacrifice," Tête d'Or drags himself nearer to where she hangs, and with his teeth—his hands are too mutilated—he pulls out the nails that fasten her to the stake. This is the last act of his life. His men-at-arms return to seek him. They catch his dying words as he points to her and says, "Let her be Qu———." They robe her in her queenly garments. They place the crown upon her head and hold the scepter in her wounded hands. Thus she of the golden heart meets death beside him of the golden head.

Since the first publication of Tête d'Or, some forty years ago, M. Claudel has created a long list of queenly characters, who show forth the beauty of our faith and the traditions of old France. The sweet princess is not unworthy of her saintly sisters the leper-saint, Violaine, the wife-saint, Marthe, the hostage-martyr, Sygne. Truly the women of old France "have steel in their gossamer wings to raise them to the highest star of sacrifice." But if his women characters suggest the spiritual soul of France, M. Claudel's brawny men of action starting with the strong-willed, unscrupulous general, Tête d'Or, are not untypical of the heroes who have fashioned the history of their nation and have made her, to borrow again the words of the Reverend L. F. Doyle, S.J.:

> Daring, sparkling, stormy, laughing, beautiful, wise France, that has given the world more beauty and more pain, more glory and more ruin, more sin and more sanctity, than any race in Europe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLD POST ON THE WABASH

By MARTHA BAYARD

THERE is an old proverb which runs: "Where you see a tannery, you will soon find a Jesuit." As pioneer tanner of New France, Juchereau de St. Denis, carrying out the orders of the Sieur de Cadillac at Detroit, established his post on the Oubache, that "big, slow deep river, crawling down between the banks of an empire." With him was an unknown Jesuit Father who celebrated the first Holy Mass December 3, 1702, in a rude potteau en terre church, without windows or floor. On the same consecrated ground today stands the old Cathedral of Saint Francis Xavier, its lands and titles guaranteed by each successive form of rule, Indian, French, British, American. The background of every picture of France in the new world was always the Church.

The very name of Vincennes is misleading, suggesting, as it does, the great fortress near Paris. One of the post's early commandants was François Morgan, Sieur de Vincennes. This was just after the days when Father Mermet had been visiting missionary from Kaskaskia, the headquarters for the Jesuit order in the Illinois country. In 1736, down in the Mississippi delta, the Sieur de Vincennes, with Father Senat (third missionary-priest to Saint Francis Xavier) was put to death, after incredible torture, by the Chickasaw Indians. The Church, which was the very life of the people, went on through the years, at first under Jesuit authority. With the death of Father Meurin in 1781, the work of his order ceased in the Northwest Territory.

For before this date a new empire had been born on the banks of the Wabash. While the oblivion that is iniquity, according to Sir Thomas Browne, had descended upon George Rogers Clark in his lifetime, his name is now being vigorously resuscitated in the little prairie city for the celebration of his sesqui-centennial in 1929. Standing literally shoulder to shoulder with George Rogers Clark and his small but "ever victorious army," we come to a great man, whose name is written high in honor on the annals of Church and country —the patriot-priest, Father Pierre Gibault. Father Gibault, a native of Montreal, first visited Vincennes in 1770. There he is said to have found religion in a deplorable state, but during his sojourn "he revived religious practices among the Catholics and converted a Presbyterian family." Realizing the stiff-necked stuff of which Covenanters are made, the valiant priest may well have thought this his most salient victory.

With the final surrender of Fort Sackville in 1779, the story of St. Denis's tannery and Father Mermet's church merges into the history of the Northwest Territory, governed for many years by William Henry Harrison, from his great house on the shelving riverbank, "my plantation of Grouseland." In 1826 the present cathedral was built—cathedral still in the hearts of the faithful, although the see was removed to Indianapolis in 1898. In its belfry hangs the "liberty bell of the old Northwest," which called the earliest habitants to mass; which summoned his people to Father Gibault's "bloodless" conquest of Fort Sackville. The little bell is seldom used now. It rang out again on November 11, 1919, to proclaim the armistice concluding the world war.

Bishop Bruté, known as the "father of free schools" in Indiana, the first Bishop of Vincennes, came in 1834. He was born in the Palais de Justice in Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany. For many generations his family had been associated with the occupation of printing, and it is to his inherited loyalty to that "art preservative of all the arts" that we owe the nucleus of the cathedral library. Tradition has it that many of these priceless old volumes found their first home in America in the seminary at Emmitsburg, Maryland, where Bishop Bruté was teaching at the time he was chosen for the high but arduous honor of Vincennes. On flat-boats and in ox-carts, these cherished belongings of a scholar-priest, suddenly become pioneer, made the long journey, by way of Bardstown, to that far-flung battle-line of his Church. Book after book bears the finely pointed autograph "S. Bruté."

After Bishop Bruté, Bishop de la Hailandière, then Bishop Bazin. Bishop de la Hailandière, resigning to return to France, lived there for nearly forty years, died there, and there was buried. By his express request, however, his body was later brought across the sea to the old church at Vincennes, to lie among his own beloved people. Finally, there is Bishop de St. Palais, revered in affectionate remembrance today. There is an unsubstantiated legend that among other farewell calls made by the young Maurice de St. Palais, as he left France for his mission in America, was one on Eugénie de Guérin. To Bishop de St. Palais Indiana owes her first orphan asylum, and the famous abbey and seminary of the Benedictine monks at St. Meinrad.

Snug in between the cathedral and the rectory, with its sequestered garden of quiet, old-world charm, is the little library. This is the oldest "historical" library in the Northwest Territory. As "historical," in such instance, reads "ecclesiastical," its importance is inestimable. The church records themselves, written on loose leaves, bound in sheep-skin, date back in an unbroken series to 1749. The earliest were entered by Father Meurin, last of the black-robed Jesuits in the Illinois Country. The records march on with the generations. Those that are written by Father Gibault show a singularly bold and dashing hand. History was in the making, but the gentle priest, who was also the priestly warrior, even pauses at the record of a funeral

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to relate how the services were interrupted by the tears and sobs of the mourners. Father Gibault's missal is possibly the oldest resident volume in the library. It was published in 1688 and bears his spirited autograph "Pierre Gibault" in bold black ink. It was used constantly in his untiring work of peace and patriotism.

Classified and grouped upon the shelves are more than five thousand volumes, the oldest books bearing the dates, 1476—1477—1483—and so forth. At least half of these books, in fact, were printed before 1700. Among hundreds of old Bibles is one dated 1646, in nine volumes of portentous size. This gives, on each large page, the original Hebrew, a Latin translation of Saint Jerome, the Greek Septuagint, a Latin translation of the Greek Septuagint, and, in the manner of a foot-note, the text in Chaldean. There is a "Holie Bible" of Douay, published in 1609; another with deliciously quaint illustrations, published at Lyons in 1534; yet another as early as 1532. These are bound in staunch oak. A Deudsch Cathechismus, Wittenberg, 1538; and a Lutheran Bible, Wittenberg, 1551 (this is possibly the second edition) have found their oddly destined resting-place here. Among the many Bibles one suddenly notices Apocalypse avec Explication, written by that resounding Bishop of Meaux, Bossuet, and published in 1689. Coming down to a date that our fathers' memories can almost touch, there is a Bible of Elizabeth Ann Seton, founder of the Sisters of Charity in America. This Bible, marked by her hand for her own use, she gave to Bishop Bruté, as he left Emmitsburg for the West.

Next to the Sacred Scriptures in the various languages is a Sermonaium Triplicatum, copied from the venerable Michel de Mediolan, printed at Venice, 1476. This is embellished with illuminated letters, arranged in double columns down the page, showing blue and red upon a background of gold. Other volumes, done with fine and exquisite coloring, perpetuate the loving skill of those devoted and artistic monks of an ancient day.

There is a memorable list of dictionaries, Latin geographies, parchment prints. There are letters and memoirs that have become history, descriptions and maps in all times, of all places, from the Orient of the earliest Jesuit to the discoveries and voyages made by Champlain, Père Hennepin and Charlevoix in this newest of new worlds. Perhaps the books that seem of breathless interest are those six volumes of the Jesuit Relations, "Au pays de la Nouvelle France," in the Cramoisy Edition, dated 1634 through to 1673. There are, of course, several volumes of the Relations in the Shea publication.

The Voyages du Sieur de Champlain—Dediés au Roy, was published in 1619. Le Journal Historique d'un Voyage, Fait par C. P. de Charlevoix, de la Compagnie de Jesus, quaint and yellowing as it is, is of a much later date—1764. However, this volume on "la Nouvelle France" is only one of several that bear the name of this dauntless explorer. The title-page of Père Hennepin's odyssey (published in 1698) is of descriptive thoroughness:

Nouvelle Découverte d'un très grand
Pays,
Situé dans l'Amerique,
entre
Le Nouveau Mexique
et
La Mer Glaciale.

Father Hennepin was "Missionaire Recollect" at Amsterdam. In his patriotic zeal he wrote a dedication to this volume that is said to have caused grave dismay, reading as it does:

Le tout dedié à Sa Majestie Britannique, Guillaume, III.

Among many others is a Latin history of the Portuguese Society of Jesus in the Orient, published in 1572; two series of the Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses—Memoires d'Amerique; a volume, published by Cramoisy in 1664, Historia Canadensis. This was when Cardinal de Richelieu was forming his "Company of One Hundred," a list of whom is given after the title page.

Under glass is the aptly named Curio Book, which contains Our Lord's Prayer in 250 languages; the Office of the Blessed Virgin in Dutch; an original letter of Saint Vincent de Paul, written at the Easter season, 1660, to M. Albée d'Olier, a celebrated mystic, philosopher and scholar. Spread out in their unchanging splendor are the vestments of Bishop de St. Palais. The story runs that his sister's fiancé, a young officer, was killed. These vestments were fashioned from what was to have been her wedding veil, of that gorgeous lace so typically Second Empire. And flanked by these and other treasures of an old world of beauty and culture, there stands simply the rude baptismal font of the little colony of Colline Gravois, the oldest name of the many the post has borne.

This is an unusual heritage in the history of change that spells America. The sites of the other early missions consecrated by the intrepid Jesuit Fathers, scattered here and there as they are through all the Illinois country, are deserted. There are ghosts in America, but these tell a tale that is done. In Vincennes "it is only our lives that grow old." Saint Francis Xavier is thronged each Sunday morning by the older, the younger, even the youngest, generation, gravely yet joyously responsive to the faith of their fathers; while below them in the dim crypt the four great bishops, and around them in the churchyard, with its immemorial pines, their own forebears, rest, as do all the faithful departed, in peace.

Definitions

Sin is only the spoiling of beauty,
Spoiling of beauty the only sin;
But if you ask me, what is beauty?—
Then we are back where we begin.

NORA B. CUNNINGHAM.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

DIRECT SALES VERSUS BOOKSTORES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—We noticed on page 430 of your issue of September 14 an editorial on book distribution connected up with the problem of postal rates. As this office always systematically collects such data on bookstores as can be had, we are doubtful whether your observation that book distribution is becoming more a matter of direct sales, is borne out by the facts.

In our records of new bookstores and dying bookstores, we can point to a period between 1900 and 1910 when the deaths were rapidly exceeding the births. In the last ten years the reverse has been true to a rather remarkable degree. All the large cities have had a great increase in the number of bookstores, and smaller cities and even suburbs whose stores had disappeared have had new ones start up. This is reflected in the sales totals of books. Few observers would consider it possible that 175,000 copies of a book like The Story of Philosophy could have been sold under the bookstore conditions of ten or fifteen years ago.

According to the government census, the sale of books and pamphlets (they did not then separate the two) has increased 100 percent since 1919. This probably means about 100,000,000 increase in books, which includes textbooks, books for libraries, mail-order subscription, and all. If the mail, direct, has added more than 5,000,000 to this total, we should be greatly surprised. The largest amount, we are sure, is unquestionably due to the bookstores.

FREDERIC MELCHER,
Editor, the Publishers' Weekly.

WANTED: DATA ON HENRY HARLAND

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I have in preparation a biographical and critical study of the late Henry Harland, editor of the Yellow Book and author of The Cardinal's Snuff Box. I am eager to reach those members of the Catholic and Episcopalian clergy in England and America who were intimate with Mr. Harland, in the hope that they will be able to give me personal reminiscences that may throw light on the change in faith which was such an important part of his life.

I am also eager to obtain as many as possible of Mr. Harland's letters, either in any originals that are obtainable, or in copies.

Communications regarding this subject may be addressed to me at the College of the City of New York, 139th Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y.

DONALD A. ROBERTS.

REGARDING THE LEFT-HANDED

Osterville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—"Somebody should write a treatise on the left-handed; if there is such a volume I have never come across it"—The Quiet Corner, August 24.

Charles Reade wrote a little book in behalf of ambidexterity, in which he extols the left-handed, giving examples. This book, The Coming Man, was published in pamphlet form, i. e., unbound, by Harper and Brothers. It is entertaining—written in Reade's amusing sledge-hammer manner.

PHILIP HALE.

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: MURRAY HILL 7000

Original Style
That Never Becomes Extreme

The waistcoat of linen, for instance, combined with shirt of fine weave and a cravat notable for its impeccable formation—make an individual combination that is utterly correct.

WAISTCOATS, of linen . . . $10.00

MEN'S CLOTHING SIXTH FLOOR
SHIRTS, for daytime wear, $2.75 to $12.50
CRAVATS, priced from $1.50 to $6.50

MEN'S FURNISHINGS FIRST FLOOR
HALF-HOSE, of lisle, in new designs $1.50 to $3.25
ALTMAN UNDERSHIRTS, imported from famous mills in Saxony — the finest lisle weights in plain colours and white, athletic style . . . $2.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Mikado

FOR the first time since Winthrop Ames has devoted his loving care to the production of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, we have a really good chance to compare the magic of his touch with that of other ambitious producers. Neither Iolanthe nor The Pirates of Penzance was familiar to the younger generation of New York theatre-goers at the time Mr. Ames produced them. One accepted them for their sheer beauty, grace and delicacy as creations rather above comparison. But The Mikado is easily the most hackneyed of all the Savoy operas, and it is also one upon which many producers have lavished what they deemed to be the utmost care. There must have been many a first- or second-nighter whose heart sank a little within him at the prospect of hearing the all too familiar songs and lyrics again. But one glimpse of the Ames production surely dispelled every doubt. This is an entirely new Mikado now on the boards of the Royale Theatre.

It is impossible, without going into excessive detail, to describe the particular methods by which Mr. Ames has transformed a routine work into an evening of sheer delight. He has endowed it with a flowing and lyric quality utterly unlike the staccato method generally employed. This is no vehicle for individual comedians. The charm of perfect ensemble is never lost. Yet, strangely enough, this treatment heightens the importance of each individual part. The whole spirit of the Ames company shows through every line—the feeling of a group of actors and actresses whose own enjoyment is quite on a par with that of the audience.

The settings and costumes by Raymond Sovey have also a vast deal to do with the general effect of the production, which can best be described as an exquisite pastel. The sheer flow and blending of color would be an artistic delight if the entire performance were given in pantomime. Michio Ito, the Japanese dancer, has also done a great service with his supervision of the movement of the chorus and of the correct postures of the principals. There is no chance here to feel that a number of recent musical comedy stars are moving about with great difficulty in cumbersome kimonos.

Many familiar friends of the Ames company are in this new production. In nearly every case they manage to add to their already considerable distinction. I have heard it said that William C. Gordon as Pooh-Bah fails to bring out the full possibilities of this Lord High Everything Else. Personally I had the rather comfortable feeling that Mr. Gordon was not trying to be the entire opera himself, and that he was allowing the humor of the lines themselves to slip through without the usual exaggerated grimaces. The same is true of John Barclay's Mikado. Mr. Barclay makes his usual telling use of his great height and nimble step, but exhibits no inclination to copy the classic interpretation of William Danforth. He plays for the ironical rather than the comic twist, and although it is a very different Mikado from any we are used to, it quite fully justifies itself as a characterization. Probably the three most distinguished performances are those of William Williams as Nanki-Poo, of the delectable Lois Bennett as Yum-Yum, and of Vera Ross as the first thoroughly credible Katisha I have seen.

Mr. Williams gives Nanki-Poo real grace, humor and even romantic interest, and adds to the characterization the pleasure of his splendid lyric voice. Lois Bennett is simply delightful —why say more? Miss Ross gives Katisha the proportions of a grand opera rôle, and lifts her forever from the region of professional boredom which she has so long occupied. Mr. Fred Wright, as Ko-Ko at least saved us the usual painful experience of witnessing a stage hog. His performance was a trifle pallid, but more than adequate when supplemented by the stage business Mr. Ames has provided. I hope this review leaves no doubt that the Ames Mikado is an unexampled treat.

The Letter

A COMBINATION of Katharine Cornell as star, Somerset Maugham as playwright, and Guthrie McClintic as director, was sufficient to stir up large anticipation concerning The Letter. This melodramatic play has already had a considerable run in London, with Gladys Cooper in the part which Miss Cornell handles so capably in New York.

Mr. Maugham based his play on a short story of his own, but, from what I am told, made several important changes in characterization. The action of the play revolves about Leslie Crosbie, who has shot and killed a former lover because, while his affection for her has cooled, he has admittedly developed a passion for a Chinese woman. The scene of the story is a plantation on the Malay peninsula—thus showing the continued interest of Mr. Maugham in the problems of the white man and the white woman in the tropics. To all outer appearances, Leslie Crosbie has been happily married for ten years. She has successfully kept all knowledge of her relations with Geoffrey Hammond not only from her husband but also from the prying eyes of the English colony. As a woman, she is a curious combination of cold-blooded self-possession and fevered passion, able apparently to live two quite distinct lives without suffering any of the internal conflict which this would bring about in a more sensitive nature.

Unfortunately, the play concerns itself very little with the complexities of her character until quite near the end. It begins abruptly with the murder of Geoffrey Hammond. Upon the return of Leslie's husband and family lawyer some three hours later, she tells them a strangely connected and emotionally convincing story of having shot Hammond in self-defense. Her husband is utterly convinced of the truth of her version, and only the lawyer becomes suspicious. In the second act, we see Leslie held for trial with everything apparently set for an acquittal, when a letter turns up written by her to Hammond the day of the murder and indicating the true situation. Much against his will, Leslie's lawyer purchases this letter from the Chinese woman into whose hands it has fallen. The lack of this important piece of evidence brings about the desired acquittal, but in the last act, when Leslie's husband discovers the enormous price paid for the letter, she is forced to make a full confession to him. Something of the possible dramatic interest of this last scene is lost through the fact that Leslie does not love her husband. Her closing line to her attorney is an admission that the only love of her life is the man she has killed. In Bernstein's famous play of the same general character, The Thief, the emotional interest of the confession is vastly heightened by the real love existing between the two people involved. In the latter case, the woman has incomparably more at stake.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I certainly would make no plea for sentimentalizing the character of Leslie, or for glossing over the plain facts of what she has done. There are far too many plays which attempt to justify adultery on some supposedly romantic thesis. But it would have been possible, in a more carefully worked out play, to characterize Leslie definitely from the beginning —not as any justification for what she has done but merely as a bald explanation. So much is reserved for the closing lines of the last act that the play loses in dramatic force.

As usual, Miss Cornell sheds considerable glamour over a far from sympathetic character. The part is really a tour de force of acting, and Miss Cornell handles it with admirable fire, intensity and, on occasions, cool reserve. But I do not think she has permitted enough contrast between the supposed confession in the first act and the genuine confession in the last act. To be sure, Leslie is acting a part in the first act and must give it a high emotional pitch at moments. She must convince the audience that she could actually convince her husband. But there ought to be a distinct difference between the quality in this emotion and the genuine moments in the last act. And this difference in quality Miss Cornell has not quite achieved, although she will undoubtedly come nearer to it as time goes on. The supporting cast is not particularly good, with the exception of James Vincent, as a Chinese law clerk. J. W. Austin, as Leslie's husband, is rather stiff and obvious, and Allan Jeayes, as the lawyer, is ponderous and declamatory to a painful degree. Mr. McClintic has been rather less successful than usual in endowing both of these actors with the quality of naturalness. As a solo exhibition of Miss Cornell's emotional powers, and occasionally as intense melodrama, The Letter affords good entertainment. But it is far from a great play, and it is by no means a supreme example of the best things which Miss Cornell is able to contribute to the modern theatre. (At the Morosco Theatre.)

The Merry Malones

THE Merry Malones, the offering with which the new Erlanger Theatre was opened, is billed as George M. Cohan's "newest song and dance show." Actually, it is not quite so new as the theatre. In fact, it is little more than an expanded and beautified Nellie Kelly—more elaborately staged, more profusely costumed, more abounding in specialties, and with two police captains instead of one. Once again the audience is transported to the Bronx to be introduced to the captivating damsel for whom, on "Saturday night, night of delight" and on other occasions when the urge to music demands an outlet, all and sundry express their admiration. Now, however, her name is not Nellie Kelly, but Molly Malone. A party in a rich man's home, an honest Irish father demanding his daughter—reminiscent, ridiculous, if you will, but so rapid, in the peculiar Cohan manner, that these reflections come only on the way home.

Mr. Cohan's part in a piece in which other players frequently "roast" the author, is all too thin, but as his every appearance was the signal for two- and three-minute outbursts of applause, it is perhaps as well that the Bronx express is not more frequently slowed up. The burden of the acting falls on Robinson Newbold as the billionaire father of a son who prefers the Bronx and Molly to riches with one about whom no songsters compose seranades, and on Polly Walker as Polly herself. Both make as light of it as an honest-to-goodness Cohan play directs that they should.

1. The closest adviser to the Catholic Governor of New York is a Jewish woman!

2. It is Hearst, his arch-enemy, to whom Al Smith should be most grateful!

3. The notion that Al Smith rose from the city slums is nothing but a myth!

These are only three of the hundreds of exciting ideas teeming in

ALFRED E. SMITH
A CRITICAL STUDY
by Henry F. Pringle

Here are quotations from the first four reviews received: *The New York Times* says, "This is a biography which is engrossing, intelligent, informative, impartial. A critical study of Al Smith which will have value and interest no matter what happens next July." *The Philadelphia Public Ledger* says, "Outer dignities of impressive and appropriate typography are externals for inner graces of excellent writing, good taste and a book which will have a definite value for all voters." *The New Yorker* says, "Hundreds of books will probably be written about Al Smith, but it is safe to back this one against any of them." *The Washington Post* says, "An enthralling volume, certain to be widely read and widely discussed." 404 pages, 6 x 9. $3.50

THE DEVIL OF PEI-LING
by Herbert Asbury

A hair-raising mystery thriller by the author of "Up from Methodism," a book thrown against a background of Catholic ritual, the Stigmata, Sabbat and Satanism. The critics are raving about it, and two editions were sold in two weeks. $2.00

COASTER CAPTAIN
by James B. Connolly

Mr. Connolly's many Catholic followers will be pleased to know that in his latest full-of-action sea story he has done an exciting book which *The New York World* labels, "Saltier even than 'Out of Gloucester'"! That's high praise! $2.00

At all bookstores

or

MACY-MASIUS 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS

The Stranger

We found him dead when we came in from work;
The week before, he'd come along the trail
That cuts our ledge where we've tunneled it
And where our shack is built against the rock.

He said he needed peace. . . . We let him stay
To do our cooking while we drilled and blasted;
He never spoke a word about himself,
And Mike and me were not the men to ask him—
It's some two hundred lonely miles to town,
And we could guess at things that might have brought him.

Mike made a box of birch poles lashed together
With buck-skin thongs, and, wrapped in his own coat,
We laid the boy away—for he was young—
In the damp lap of everlasting silence.

If peace was what he sought, he had his wish,
For here is peace, enthroned upon his grave
And brooding over it from pine-tree boughs,
While two great roots curve gently round his coffin;
Even the searching wind has never found
This bit of brown, untroubled forest ground
Where needles fall in stillness on a mound.

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN.

Inscription on a Cabin Door

Who enters here is wise to leave outside
All that he would not wish to find within.
Four walls stand firm. A hearth of stone is wide
To glow for you. Cut wood. . . . One must begin
In action what is prompted by desire
Before the hands are spread above the fire.
A plain roof's over you—but over it
Remember that blue-jeweled roof of sky!
Behold now table, chair and bed, each one
From timber aged and scented in the sun.
And here's a window through which dawn will fit
A smile upon your face, when it comes nigh.
Across the trail a mountain spring is clear.
Your fare is what you bring—or what you find,
And you'll be judged by signs you leave behind.
But if you can, add to the writing here. . . .
And close the door—but keep an open mind.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

The Plant

I offered to my friend a fragile plant
That I had loved and tended carefully,
Hoping its growth might bring her sweet content,
As it had given wonderment to me.

But she, glancing upon it absently,
Plucked off the blossom, that half-opened gem,
Sniffed its pale scent, and, smiling, turned away,
Leaving within my hands the root and stem.

IRENE H. WILSON.

Sussex-Bred

She daren't walk alone at night:
"Ghosteses,"
She says, "Haunt lanes
With white thorn trees."
Adding
As she knows how,
Dunamany years ago,
Was a town
Where sea is now.
A town with a church,
A castle and taverns—
The folks there yet
In queer, green caverns.
The king was drowned hunting;
Why, any morn
She could make out in the fog
To hear his horn.
And bells, church-bells,
If you hark—
No ma'am, she'd stay home,
Come dark.
She didn't want a sailor
With a ring in his nose
Carrying her off a place
Nobody knows.
And where, for sure,
Had she seen any?
Why, in the sea
There's dunamany.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

To a Danseuse

You dance the words you cannot say;
  You dance the prayer you cannot speak.
You dance your joyousness, wild, gay,
  Your yearning for the goal you seek.

Though I am silent, I too, know.
  I read your dance, I, watching, hear.
I understand your joy, and, oh,
  Your dark despairing, and your fear.

For, dancer, in your gestures gay,
  (O, thanks to you, and to your art!)
You dance the words I cannot say,
  The hidden prayer within my heart.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

The Door

She was one who loved to go through doors.
(She loved the simpleness of closing them, I think.)
And she loved, too, the throwing of a window wide.
(She said the dark was welcome like a cooling drink.
And I, who stood there by her patient side,
Should know, for when this quiet woman died,
The door was opened and she did not shrink.
(She knew the simpleness of closing it, I think.)

JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Great English Churchmen Series, edited by Sidney Dark: The Life of Thomas Cranmer, by Anthony C. Deane; Archbishop Laud, by A. S. Duncan-Jones; John Wesley, by W. H. Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25 each.

ANYTHING edited by Mr. Sidney Dark is likely to prove interesting. These books are popular in style, rather small in size and quite expensive in price.

"The guileless heart of one man came near to breaking when Henry VIII died. And that man was Thomas Cranmer." Canon Deane has given us as consistent a portrait of Cranmer as was ever written. It is human and convincing. How to account for cringing servility and abject cowardice in one who was capable of doing bold things has been a problem. Still more difficult was it to explain that extraordinary self-control with which he accepted, without a sign of disaffection, the humiliating and infamous part that he was called upon to play. Was he a mere craven? The explanation is too simple. Was it his legal training that enabled him to adopt an official attitude toward what must have disgusted any decent person? The explanation is too inhuman. How came he to believe that the king could do no wrong and the Pope could do no good?

Canon Deane tells us. It was because, from the first moment that a fatal chance brought him to the king's notice, Henry saw in him the tool that he could fashion to his purpose. He was by nature amiable and pious but he was weak. The ambitious men that Henry had used retained their character but lost their lives; Cranmer saved his life but lost his character. Henry dominated him. He came to love his master with a strange morbidity. He followed him like a whipped dog. His title to greatness was his complete adaptability for the great conspiracy that robbed England of the Faith. Without him Henry could hardly have accomplished his designs.

It was Cranmer, in the hands of Henry, who gave England its vacillating creed, its mellifluous liturgy, its distinctive insularity and its traditional attitude of non-resistance. When Henry died, the character of Cranmer was seen to have died too. His ending was hardly saved from ignominy by his last convulsive attempt to play the man. His biographer does not spare him. With the utmost candor he exposes all the infamy of his life. He asks us, not to forgive him, but rather to pity him, and to remember the happy days when, as a humble lecturer at Cambridge, he was in his right place among his books and his pupils.

The second book, far less consistent and unified, is linked up with the first. Laud is said to have carried on the tradition established by Cranmer—that is, he thought of religion in the terms of the royal will. There is, however, this difference: the king dominated Cranmer, but Laud dominated the king.

And here we must protest against the very natural tendency of both writers to assume that there was a nascent "Anglo-Catholic party" in England. This imaginary party is contrasted with what are called "Romanists and Papists," in order to give support to the fable of "continuity." When Henry died, the so-called "Catholic party" was found to be completely papal. The Reformers concerned themselves with the new theology rather than with Church unity. It was only when a growing anarchy warned the Protestant governments of the need of religious discipline that interest passed from theological speculation to the problem of ecclesiastical polity.

Laud lived in this period of the Counter Reformation. Although he must have envied the success of Rome, he was not

Christ
in the Christian Life

According to Saint Paul

From the French of
J. DUPERRAY

By John J. Burke, C.S.P.

"Christ in the Christian Life" is a simple but convincing statement of Christian doctrine according to St. Paul. The book will satisfy those who are troubled by modern doubt. It is a much-needed interpretation of a great source of Christian doctrine, told with beauty and power, and made available to us by Father Burke in a translation in which all the eloquence and simplicity of the original are fully preserved.

"The Pauline mysticism harmoniously and solidly based upon exegetic grounds . . . The book deserves to be widely read."—*Reichpost,* Vienna.

Crown 8vo. $2.00

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
Publishers Since 1724 (At the Sign of the Ship)
55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

RELIGIONS
PAST and PRESENT

by

BERTRAM WINDLE, F.R.S.

"Very lucid and wonderfully comprehensive considering its brevity . . . it should find a wide usefulness as an introduction to the most fascinating of subjects . . . remarkable in covering as much ground as it does, and with such copious details, without a hint of dryness."

"*Saturday Night,*" Toronto

$3.00

The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the least inclined to submit to the Pope. Such a reconciliation would have meant a divided England, that he could not have hoped to see reunited in his own life-time. In his impatience he chose what seemed the easiest road to national unity—to maintain the sacred character of the king and the episcopate, and to destroy the growing power of Puritanism. Church and state once more became separate entities with the king identified with the first. Much as he hated Calvin, he had Calvin's ideal of a theocracy. But the theocracy was to be centered neither in Geneva nor Rome; it was to adopt what were supposed to be the principles of the primitive Church, from which the school of Calvin had wandered far.

This reactionary tendency, which Laud had developed at Oxford, made him love many of the old customs of Merrie England. He saved the maypole and the Yuletide feast; but, as his conference with the Jesuit Fisher, given at great length in this book, shows, he was very far from being an "Anglo-Catholic," for, like all Protestants, he maintains the supremacy of the Bible over the Church, and seems to have had very little conception of ecclesiastical infallibility.

His failure has left the Church of England the religion of only half the English people. He brought into existence a powerful party that forced Puritanism into a permanent state of intransigence. His biographer—chosen, Mr. Dark tells us, as was each of the individual editors of this series, because of his sympathy for his subject—does not explain why succeeding generations judged him so harshly. He passes over the side of his character which was undoubtedly harsh and domineering.

The third book depicts a changed England. The battles of sects and parties have produced an indifference to all religion. The idea of the Church as the Kingdom of God has vanished. The Church of England is now little more than a department of state. No one thinks any longer of the divine right of kings nor of the divine right of clergymen.

And yet, in a century that we are apt to consider the most irreligious of all centuries, there took place one of the most remarkable of all popular religious revivals. Dean Hutton reminds us of the momentous influence of this movement which, in his opinion, did much to prevent a revolution such as took place in France. He counts John Wesley among the greatest, if not the greatest, of all the great men of the century.

Yet he can hardly be called a churchman. His own organization, which sprang from his "Holy Club" at Oxford, and which was dominated by his masterful personality, was his first thought in all that appertained to ecclesiastical systems. He does not deny the existence of a Catholic Church, but he ignores it. He seems to have no theory concerning it. For him the call was to preach "saving faith" to the spiritually starving. The industrial slaves of the coal mines, the country yokels, the apprentices, clerks and domestic servants in the cities, and even many of gentle birth, received him as a prophet of God. Oftimes with hysterical manifestations they attested their assurance of salvation. Since the preaching of the friars there had not been such an outburst of religious enthusiasm.

As the movement grew, it became plain to everyone except Wesley himself that Methodism was destined to produce a new sect. Perhaps he began to realize this himself in his old age, when he was induced to ordain ministers and even a "bishop" for work in America. It is of interest to know that a man who suffered no one to direct his conduct, and who ruled over a body of nearly seven hundred preachers as an unquestioned autocrat was once dragged around a room by his hair by the shrew whom he foolishly married in his middle age.

EDWARD HAWKS.

Twilight Songs, by Katherine Tynan. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

Saints in Sussex, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

TO KATHERINE TYNAN we owe so many lovely things in poetry that a new collection of her songs comes with real cead mille falthe from every one of her numerous American admirers. Here again, in Twilight Songs, is the old Celtic magic of the heart and soul, the unapproachable Christian-heartedness, and the fine restraint which knows how to humor an emotion to its limit without a harsh pull on the reins. Katherine Tynan has never allowed her fine technical art to impede her assured poetical current. The poem stands forth in its full validity, and as a work of art it is also authentic. Readers will be particularly charmed by the lines in The Old Country:

> As I go home at end of day, the old road
> Through the enchanted country full of my dreams,
> Home to the West, full of great clouds and the sunset,
> Past the cattle that stand in rich grass to the knees,
> It is not I who go home; it is not I. . . .
>
> Now I go home no more, though the swift car glide,
> Carries me fast through the dear, the heavenly country,
> No one knows me, the cottages show strange faces,
> They who were kindly, who bid me "God save you!" of yore,
> They are gone, they are flown, and only the country's the same,
> And you sleeping so quietly under the grass.

In her Saints in Sussex, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith prefaces two little mystery plays—The Child Born at the Plough, and The Shepherd of Lattenden—with a sheaf of superior verses on the Apostles and the greater feast days of the Church. Her singing is fine and reverent, and much of it is authentic poetry. The older writers have left such marvelous poetry on these topics that one feels the modernist note falling away too often into mere symbolism and re-echoings on themes where the greatest master's touch is hardly firm enough. Miss Kaye-Smith has made a chivalrous gesture in ecclesiastical poetry, and her success must be given notice that is appreciative and courtly even if it has its necessary reservations.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Romance of Words, by Ernest Weekley. $2.00; Surnames, by Ernest Weekley. $2.50. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

MR. WEEKLEY, compiler of An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language and other works on linguistic history, found that the harvest of his researches was sufficient unto other books. How correct he was is proved in the successive new editions and reprintings of The Romance of Words, which places a great deal of interesting lore at the disposal of the general reader without sacrificing scientific accuracy in so far as that is involved in the continual guesses of the etymologist. Hundreds of words are dealt with, but the author skilfully groups them into chapters having something like separate individuality. A reader wll find pertinent information about old favorites, but also a great deal that he is not likely ever to have seen before. Mr. Weekley is particularly good in stating general principles of word derivation. Whence does Brazil derive its name? What was a foil originally? How did the phrase "black magic" originate? These and myriads of similar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

questions are answered succinctly and entertainingly. One knows of no kindred work so commendable to the general educated public, even if there be some reason for differing with occasional interpretations.

Surnames is concerned chiefly with names of people and places, but it touches upon diverse other matters as well. Unfortunately much of the material is so locally English in character that it can hardly appeal deeply to the average American reader. Something more in the way of revision (the volume has not been worked over since 1917) is also desirable. But Mr. Weekley deals painstakingly with the "more than six thousand" names he has grouped under more or less appropriate headings. Less attractive a book than its companion work, it is probably of greater value to those who are being initiated into the history of language. One would look far, for example, without coming upon a better treatment of nicknames. I think there might well have been slightly less emphasis upon the purely Germanic elements of the material involved.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

Catholic Statesmen, by Filippo Meda. Naples: Alberto Morano.

IN THIS volume the Italian Catholic leader and ex-Cabinet Minister has gathered together six biographical studies, the first three delivered as lectures some years ago, the remainder being in origin review-articles. As now presented, however, the book has a unity of interest, constituting as it does a series of studies of Catholic principles, or perhaps one ought to say the Catholic mentality, as applied to practical political problems in widely differing countries and at different times during the last hundred years or so. All Signor Meda's subjects are non-Italian, and he certainly has the merit of making known to his own countrymen the careers and achievements of Catholic leaders of other nationalities, some of whose names, even, are unknown to all but specialists in nineteenth-century history, while so succinct and vivid, for the most part, is his method of treatment that readers other than Italian will derive no little instruction from his work.

In his first chapter, on Daniel O'Connell, he deals with a universally-known figure, eulogised for his devotion to the Church by Pope Pius IX, Louis Veuillot and Montalambert. He rightly brings out this fact, too often unduly obscured by patriotic biographies, in which the Liberator's remark about taking his theology from Rome but not his politics has been emphasized at the expense of the proud declaration of Catholic faith made at the Bar of the House of Commons in 1829 and quoted on the O'Connell monument in the Church of Saint Agata in Rome. If there is a criticism to be made of this essay, it is that the writer might have gone further and shown the profoundly conservative influence which Catholic principles, such as the principle of private ownership, had on O'Connell's policy, how his nationalist agitation was controlled and disciplined by the moral teaching of the Church to which he gave allegiance.

The name of Signor Meda's next subject, Gabriel Garcia Moreno, will hardly be known except to students of South American history, but in view of the anti-Catholic tendency of several standard works in this department, it is useful to have a moderate and detached Catholic estimate of the President of Ecuador who, in the seventies of the last century, played such an important part in his country's development. The biographical facts, drawn, we gather, from Father Berth's biography, are given concisely and clearly, set against a typical violently-colored background of Ecuadorian politics of the time.

The Commonweal in the Classroom

On all matters of public interest, literature, the arts, and public affairs, THE COMMONWEAL speaks the mind of the Catholic layman. It is admittedly a special viewpoint that is not represented by any other publication. Readable, stimulating, thought-provoking, it is a necessity for the intelligent.

During the past school year many teachers in schools and colleges have proved the value of The Commonweal as an aid in enlivening their class work. By using The Commonweal—its editorial pages, special articles, poetry, and book and play reviews to supplement the regular program in English, history, and current events classes, they have greatly increased the interest taken by the student, and have made their own teaching work more attractive and profitable.

Arrangements have been made to provide special rates for copies of The Commonweal used in classroom work. For information in regard to these special rates address the Circulation Manager.

THE COMMONWEAL
Grand Central Terminal
New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In particular, what is sometimes described as Moreno's attempt to sow reaction and establish a religious despotism, is revealed as a wholehearted endeavor to establish normal relations between a Catholic country and the Holy See, at the same time bringing about a reform of the parish clergy, this latter with a vigor and determination which at first met with a certain coldness in Rome, but ultimately yielded to complete understanding and sympathy. It was to Pope Pius IX that Moreno gave the advance notice of his impending assassination in 1875, which he met with calm faith and almost a martyr's devotion. Signor Meda's judgment on his achievement is that he was the only statesman of the century to show that it was possible to establish a state at once firmly Catholic and well-ordered.

In his third chapter Signor Meda retells the familiar story of Ludwig Windthorst's struggle with Bismarck and the foundation and rise to power of the German Centre Party. In the following essay he unrolls a chapter of Belgian history with the biography of the statesman, Auguste Beernaert, the firm upholder of Catholic rights who, in the ten years from 1880 headed the government and met the socialist crisis of that period with a determination tempered with wise understanding of the needs and rights of the working classes which may well be called the foundation of modern Belgian democracy. The career of this statesman—and this seems to have been Signor Meda's aim in telling his story in such detail—is a complete answer to the taunt that Catholicism is everywhere to be identified with political reaction and the slowing-down of the wheels of material and democratic progress. In his account of Count Hertling, Signor Meda carries a stage further his history of the Centre Party and summons before us the engaging figure of a scholar thrust into politics, in the last resort into perhaps the most terrible and pathetic position of all, the guide of his country's destinies at a time when he clearly foresaw its tragic fate.

The last essay is on Antonio Maura, the Spanish statesman whose achievement, too, should be sufficient reproof to those who so glibly attach the label of "anti-liberal" to anyone devoutly Catholic. In this connection it is of special interest to note the emphasis which Signor Meda lays on the social laws which Maura himself, or Dato with his support, carried through in Spain in the opening years of the present century. One of these, providing for the cessation of Sunday labor in certain branches of industry, was actually opposed by the Socialists as a concession to clericalism. The point requires no comment.

JOHN STAPLETON.

The City of Perfection, by Thomas L. Masson. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

BEING one of those persons who have difficulty with early morning meditation, I turned eager eyes on the chapters concerning this difficult art of the spirit. Then I sat me down in solitary state to meditate on these propositions: "It is upon the unknown and not the known that we must always depend for support; I do not know; therefore I possess all the knowledge there is; the true understanding of God depends absolutely upon our never knowing him." After exercising what intelligence I have on such affirmations, I turned rather despairfully to a happier counsel: "Abandon all your previous learning, detach yourself from it, forget it, and meditate on the syllable Om." I refuse flatly to tell all I learned from meditating on that syllable Om; I merely recommend that my readers try it for themselves.

Being also a person with considerable horror of sin, I was relieved to discover that "a man who lives utterly and completely without any complexes or suppressions is free"; that "Christ himself was sinless just because he had no repressions"; and that Saint Paul and others foolishly laid stress on sin, so that "by slow but inevitable processes, the inferiority complex became firmly imbedded in the Christian consciousness." Now, when my conscience dares to disturb me, all I need to do to quiet it, is to puff up with pride in order to rid myself of my inferiority complex—and perhaps, in addition, to put arsenic in some offender's soup in order to give myself a real feeling of freedom. However, I shall, of course, have to reckon with the fact that the state is not quite up to Mr. Masson's teachings in regard to the full exercise of freedom. We have with us yet, to quote Mr. Masson, the "progeny of grovelers."

I am fearfully tempted to set up an array of epithets to describe this book, among them "crazy-quilt," "hodge-podge," "what-not," "hash"; but that would be dealing unkindly with an author who is probably entirely sincere in his effort to bring comfort and cheer into the hearts of his fellowmen.

SISTER M. ELEANORE.

In Harvest Fields by Sunset Shores. San Francisco: The Gilmartin Company.

FEW books reveal less of the nature of their contents by their titles than does this one. Who would guess that it was an admirably written, illustrated and printed account of a most important chapter in the history of Catholic education in the United States? It is, in fact, the diamond jubilee volume of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, on the Pacific Coast. I am sure that the thousands of alumnae of the institutions which it deals with will welcome the story of these houses, as well as the short biographies of many of the nuns who have made them, and who must have been well known to many still living.

Those who have read the excellent life of Blessed Julie Billiart, published by Sands and Company, will know how the order was born, and how it happened to be associated with Belgium. From that country came the first six sisters to the West under the charge of Father De Smet, who had journeyed across the sea to beg a foundation of Notre Dame sisters. Before they left Brussels, they received the benediction of the papal nuncio, a young archbishop named Pecci, afterward to be known as Pope Leo XIII. On December 12, 1843 (the feast of Our Lady of Guadeloupe) they set sail in a small brig to round the Horn and thus reach their destination in Oregon. Seven long months they spent in peril, and at the very end were saved—not for the first time—from shipwreck in the Columbia river, it would seem almost miraculously.

On their way they had stayed a short time at Lima, where they visited the home of Saint Rose. It seems almost incredible that at the date mentioned, and in a city with sixty churches and twenty-five religious houses, there was not one single Catholic school, and that not one of the houses mentioned was interested in education. No wonder that the sisters were implored to remain by the numerous Catholic parents hungering for proper teaching for their children! But it was impossible. They pressed on to their destination and under miseries which can be imagined when we find it stated that on the way up the Willamette the mosquitoes were so thick that the celebrant at Mass could not be seen by the worshipers on account of them. It is small wonder that some of the sisters fell victims to malaria.

At their destination they found a large ill-built shack—dig-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nified by the name of "college"—placed at their disposal. Owing to the rush for the gold-fields of California, labor was almost impossible to secure; moreover, the nuns had but little money to spend. The result was that the work of digging the heavy soil and of irrigating it fell on the sisters as a side issue, along with their teaching. Sister Laurence writes: "Sister Norbertine and I planted an orchard of 1,300 fruit trees. They began to bear the year we left for California." The sisters helped the masons until their hands ran down with blood —and, as the quotation indicates, they must needs abandon this field of work in the end. Bigotry, the horrible Whitman massacre and other considerations, drove them to the conclusion that they must quit Oregon and seek a better opportunity in California. Thither they went, arriving in San José with exactly $0.25 in their possession. The value of their property in that place alone is now estimated at $500,000. It may indeed be said: "A Domino factum est istud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris."

For the rest we must refer readers to the pages of this most interesting book. There they will find the story of the past seventy-five years, over which we cannot linger—though we are tempted especially by that portion which tells of the San Francisco earthquake, and the wonderful escape of the community and pupils. It is a marvelous story, and has filled with interest one reader who has never seen the Pacific coast of the United States nor had the good fortune to visit a house of the Notre Dame order on this side of the Atlantic. How much more will it appeal to those who know personally the houses which are dealt with in its pages!

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

That Ridiculous Woman, by Leonard Rossiter. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

FAR more tragic than ridiculous is Evelyn Berrick, the unfortunate, foolish, yet high-spirited woman about whom Mr. Rossiter has chosen to weave this novel. For having called his book That Ridiculous Woman (what she indeed appeared to most of her acquaintances) he proves her a singularly pathetic unfortunate, provocative of pity rather than derision.

Evelyn Pewsey was born of a family of unquestioned social standing among England's "hunting gentry"—yet born with a misshapen, almost deformed body and under the ban of downright physical unattractiveness. Possessing, against the poor hand fortune had dealt her, a resentment as deep as her birthright of pride, courage, and will, she begins her life and ends it in the tragic effort to prove that "she is as any other woman." Her indomitable will and spirit win her the admiring love of a dilletante historian and scholar, Ridley Berrick, a charming character. She marries him, and thereafter, as his wife, assumes the rôle of fashionable London matron—confident, to all outward appearances, that in the possession of a well-to-do husband and the child she has borne him, she is, truly—"as any other woman."

That sophisticated, unpitying social world in which she moves by right of birth, remains patronizingly unconvinced, however, and drives the proud Evelyn to what are, indeed, ridiculous measures in her effort to justify herself as a much sought-after lady of fashion. She becomes the prey of a heartless cad, a man whom the war, and a profitable business conducted by his father, have raised above "trade," and who is consumed by a devouring ambition to move among the socially elect. Encouraged by Evelyn's eagerness to have a handsome cavalier ever at her elbow (even "as other women" in her set)

One Macmillan Book a Week

AS MAN TO MAN

Adventures of a Commuter

By **CONDÉ B. PALLEN**

THE answers in conversational vernacular ordinary people can understand to scores of question that real people have asked the author over and over again.
"Get this book and study it. It will teach you how to give a sound reason for the Faith you profess."—*America.*

Price, $2.50

At Your Bookstore or from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Atlanta Boston Chicago Dallas San Francisco

THE SAINT REGIS CLUB IN PARIS

56 Avenue de Breteuil

Maintains a Home for young girls, Catholic and non-Catholic, at

26 rue Vavin, Paris VIme.

ACADEMY OF THE ASSUMPTION

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS

Boarding and Day School for Girls

General, College Preparatory and Secretarial Courses offered. Special Courses in Music, Art, Foreign Languages and Expression. Junior and Intermediate Departments make provision for work preparatory to High School. Extensive grounds for outdoor recreation. Tennis, baskteball, horseback riding, tobogganing, skating.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY for Boys

from five to fourteen years is under the same management. Competent instructors in Military Drill, Athletics and Horseback Riding. For catalogue apply to SISTER SUPERIOR.

MOUNT ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE

DUBUQUE, IOWA

Under the direction of the Sisters of Charity, B.V.M.

A standard College of Arts and Sciences for the Education of young women. Holds membership in the Catholic Educational Association, the Association of American Colleges and the North Central Association. Its degrees admit students to the Graduate Schools of all the greater Universities. Approved for Teachers' Certificates by the Iowa State Board of Education and by the University of the State of New York.

COLLEGE: Four-year Courses leading to Baccalaureate degrees.
CONSERVATORIES of MUSIC and ART: Diploma Courses. Supervisors and Teachers' Courses.
HOME ECONOMICS: Cooking. Sewing. Household Arts.
COMMERCIAL and SECRETARIAL COURSES. PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Ideal location. Sixty-acre Campus. Pineries.
Thorough Modern Equipment

Address: OFFICE OF THE DEAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

St. Ursula of the Blessed Virgin
On the Hudson
ACADEMY FOR GIRLS KINGSTON, N. Y.
Boarders and Day Pupils
Apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR

College of Saint Elizabeth
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
(P. O. Address Convent Station)
A Catholic college for women, registered by the New York State University, and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Intensive courses open to students preparing for the teaching profession. Home economics department. Bachelor degree in arts, science, and music.

MELROSE ACADEMY
School for Girls
Students prepared for COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS
Music, French, Art, Vocal Expression, Physical Culture. Small classes, Melrose Park a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia. 30 acre campus. All outdoor sports. Standard hockey field.
Term begins September 20
Conducted by the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
OAK KNOLL School of the Holy Child
AN ELEMENTARY and COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL
SUMMIT, N. J. Resident and Day Pupils
Campus of 12 Acres on One of Summit's Highest Points
Rosemont College at Rosemont, Pa., St. Frideswide's at Oxford and finishing schools in Paris, Rome and Freibourg, are also under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. **44 Blackburn Road, Phone Summit 1804**

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1917. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John F. McCormick, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Calvert Publishing Corp., Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Editor, Michael Williams, Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, John F. McCormick, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

The Calvert Associates, Inc., Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Michael Williams, President; John F. McCormick, Secretary; R. Dana Skinner, Treasurer.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is .....
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

JOHN F. McCORMICK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1927.
(Seal) WILLIAM A. FINE.
(My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

he becomes, for the time, her shadow, winning through her the entrée to London's smartest parties.

Evelyn's passion to be like her trifling, frivolous sisters becomes a madness—and this sad madness drives her to rash extremes when she is threatened with being made ridiculous through a jilting by the ambitious cavalier, who now has his feet firmly planted on the social ladder. At length, having sacrificed everything to him in a vain effort to retain his questionable attentions, and faced with undeniable and humiliating defeat, her insane pride crumbles at last, and the courageous spirit that was Evelyn Berrick is crushed. She becomes a shaken, pitiful dependent, self-accusing and without a shred of confidence, and for the first time the devotion of her husband, who had loved the woman of undaunted will, begins to falter. With this last catastrophe impending, and rather than meet the world a recognized failure to be "as other women," she ends her own life.

Mr. Rossiter has drawn, for the most, strong portraits of actual people to be found in too many a self-styled smart set today, and does not stretch credulity unduly in bringing to a logical conclusion of inevitable disaster the career of this woman possessed to a marked degree by her certain, peculiar, but not uncommon, madness.

There is, perhaps, a lack of subtlety in his manner of portrayal—a tendency to reiterate somewhat tiresomely, facts whose truth would be more strongly convincing if merely suggested. But his story has strength, reality and interest, and points an authentic and valuable moral.

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

The Mind and Its Mechanism, by Paul and W. R. Bousfield. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company. Eight volumes, $4.00.

BUT that is only a part of the title page. As a sub-title we have "with special reference to ideo-motor action, hypnosis, habit and instinct, and the Lamarckian theory of evolution." Paul Bousfield puts after his name the letters M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., and we are informed that he is the author of Sex and Civilization, The Omnipotent Self, and Pleasure and Pain. The other Bousfield is not quite so prodigal of letters, as he is merely K.C., F.R.S., and the only thing he seems to have written is A Neglected Complex.

The book starts well enough, with a convincing refutation of any purely materialistic explanation of the phenomena of mind, taken principally from Professor McDougall's Body and Mind. But the authors soon get bogged in a mass of undefined and contradictory or meaningless terms. Here is a sample:

"Having arrived at the conclusion that physiology and psychology both require us to postulate an 'immaterial structure,' which is the carrier of permanent 'psychical dispositions,' we can conceive of such a structure on a purely physical basis. Physical science has taught us to recognize the essentially etherial constitution of matter, and the ether is physical and yet immaterial. In the ether we recognize the fundamental substance of the universe, and as it is the foundation of material phenomena, and the very substance of matter, we shall also postulate it as the foundation of psychic phenomena and of the 'immaterial substance' and the 'psychic structures,' which McDougall envisages."

I consider the book worthless, and if I had paid $4.00 for it, I should be disposed to feel very badly indeed.

T. ELLIOT ROSS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"My family physician," sighed Doctor Angelicus, "has strictly forbidden my daily cold showers, as too sudden a shock to my system; I do not know what I should do without Mary's triple coffee in the mornings, as I realize that all changes are dangerous for a man past the forties. Moderation in all things, say I: even in liquids for beverage or bathing purposes. Nevertheless, I must remark, my dear Amanuensa, on the appearance, atmosphere, and condition of a good many of the young poets of Oxford, Harvard and the agricultural colleges, who have dropped in to see me on their way up from Greenwich Village. You have noticed their unkempt condition—the stockings drooping supinely over the unpolished shoes, the soiled, soft collar, the greasy hat, and the fingernails black with a Japanese patine that would fascinate our antiquarians: that caller the other day was young Dudley De Lisle, son of some of our finest aristocrats, petted scion of wealth and nursery-maids, the petted sorrow of a grande-dame mother, one of the most exquisite creatures I have ever known. Then those other young poets from the same lordly academies, with their starved, slouching shoulders, their un-Gilletted cheeks, breathing suggestions of defective plumbing in their furnished-room habitations, and reading aloud at the slightest opportunity their Bolshevik odes, triolets to cafeteria waitresses, and free-verse dithyrambs on stallions, eels and cave-men. Meanwhile at home the lackey drowses with the forgotten latch-key; the keeper at the lodge-gate looks down the Glen Cove lane for the tardy homing of the heir-apparent, who has gone back to the human jungle for which, notwithstanding all the prophylaxis, he was really intended.

"What is the reason, you would ask, my dear Amanuensa, if I would give you the chance. This is the new protest against a respectability built up on the pretenses of wealth, on the shaved eyebrows of aesthetes and the cold-cream mammas of our lordly mansions.

"Tonight old Nurse Nora waits in vain with the Lifebuoy and the bath of respectability. It is easier not to wash: it is easier to protest, even if papa's or mamma's allowance is suspended. There is a horror for the pink and blue pyjamas Aunt Eudoxia sent for Christmas: the radio is pale beside the negro quartette at Old Jack's or Bonnie Marie's, and the crowd is too fine (Heaven protect us!) too slow, for this little Dudley and his pals. For them no manicure, no shoe-black, none of the 650 kinds of rouge, 12,000 face powders, 700 talcum powders, 200 shampoos, 150 tooth powders, 200 hair tonics, 75 shaving creams, 100 hair dyes and hair restorers—which, as the Wholesale Druggists' convention reports, make up the contemporary notion of respectability, character, and distinction: the conservatism, the business air, the tone and eminence that are personally ours today. Away with this civilization of freckle and wrinkle removers! Give us the wide-open spaces, the cowboy life (even if we cannot ride) the cave-man immunities of the lodging houses! We will not wash, we will not comb, we will not polish! Revolution—decay—protest! Remove your wax mannikins from the windows if you expect us home! A bas, your permanent waves and ondulés, your transformations and lifted faces! Away with the Social Register and the family Bible! We are young, we are free, we are unkempt, we are dirty—so were our fathers in the protoplasm and the higher branches of the jungle! There is the contrast, Amanuensa, of our modern day—and I am told to avoid all sudden changes. 'I am old, Father William.'"

MARY'S MANOR
Formerly "PINE BANK" Estate
MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS
A Select Boarding School for Young Ladies
Full High School Course. Two-Year Post-Graduate Course exclusively in French.
Address: Rev. Mother, P. O. READVILLE, Mass.

ACADEMY of the SACRED HEARTS
FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS
Boarding and Day School for Girls
Affiliated with the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.
Conducted by the Religious of the Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts
ROME
These Religious also conduct an Establishment in Rome. A large estate beautifully situated on the Via Salaria. Excellent advantage in Modern Languages, Music and Art.
Ladies visiting Rome can be conveniently accommodated. Board and meals moderate.
For further information communicate with the
REVEREND MOTHER, 466 Prospect Street, Fall River, Mass.

REGIS COLLEGE
WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS
A Resident and Day College for the Higher Education of Women
Conducted by the Sisters of Saint Joseph, incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts with power to confer the degrees for undergraduate work; that is, Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Letters, and Bachelor of Science.
For bulletin address:
THE REGISTRAR OF REGIS COLLEGE

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
For Women
4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
Send for Announcement

Treat Your Feet Right
Banish bunions and corns
Away foot troubles all!
We can promise relief
If on us you will call.
Made correctly; corrective, too,
For style and comfort worn.
We fit the entire family,
The name is PEDIFORME.

Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles, "PEDIFORME" shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style book K that tells how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE CO.
36 W. 36th St. New York
29 Washington Pl. East Orange, N. J.
322 Livingston St. Brooklyn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.
A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees.
PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION
Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students
Catalogue on application to the Secretary

URSULINE ACADEMY
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Resident and Day Pupils
Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments
Chartered by the University of the State of New York

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.
CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Vanderbilt 8761

PIUS X. SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART, NEW YORK
AUTUMN SESSION OPENS MONDAY, SEPT. 26
COURSES OFFERED
Justine Ward Method of Teaching Music, I, II, III, IV
Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment, according to Solesmes
Choir Conducting and Training of Choirs—Harmony
EACH COURSE 32 HOURS—2 COLLEGE CREDITS
Provisional Certificate and Teacher's Diploma awarded
Lessons in Vocal Production, Organ, Violin, and Piano, privately and in Class
Classes from 4 to 6 p. m.—Saturdays, morning and afternoon
For further information address Telephone Edgecombe 2272
The Secretary, 133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y.

McCARTHY & SIMON INC
7-9 WEST 36th STREET
JUST OFF FIFTH AVENUE
New York
Caps—Gowns—Hoods
School and College Uniforms and Gym Apparel
Quality Apparel—Specialized Service—Moderate Prices
Samples on Request

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

"Beauty, however, dear Doctor, is only skin deep," bleated the frightened little Amanuensa.

"Beauty," replied Angelicus, "may be only skin deep—but remember what thick skins some of us possess!"

* * *

The republication of Domestic Manners of the Americans, by Frances Trollope, the mother of the more famous Anthony Trollope, give some revealing touches of social conditions in the Cincinnati of about one hundred years ago. She describes a birthday ball celebrated in honor of George Washington on February 22: "I was really astonished at the coup-d'oeuil on entering, for I saw a large room filled with extremely well-dressed company, among whom were many very beautiful girls. The gentlemen also were exceedingly smart; but I had not yet been long enough in western America not to feel startled at recognizing in almost every full-dressed beau that passed me, the master or shopman that I had been used to see behind the counter or lolling at the door of every shop in the city. I asked a gentleman why the beautiful Miss C was not there.

" 'You do not yet understand our aristocracy,' he replied: 'The family of Miss C are mechanics.'

" 'But the young lady has been educated at the same schools as these whom I see here, and I know her brother has a shop in the town quite as large and apparently as prosperous as those belonging to any of these young men. What is the difference?'

" 'He is a mechanic; he assists in making the articles he sells; the others call themselves merchants.'

"The gentlemen had a splendid entertainment spread for them in another large room of the hotel, while the poor ladies had each a plate put into their hands. The fair creatures then sat down on a row of chairs placed round the walls, and, each making a table of her knees, began eating her sweet, but sad and sulky repast. This arrangement was owing neither to economy nor want of room to accommodate the whole party, but purely because the gentlemen liked it better."

—The Librarian.

CONTRIBUTORS

Monsignor Enrico Pucci is the Roman correspondent of the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service.

Padraic Colum, the Irish poet, is the author of Wild Earth and The Road Round Ireland.

Dennis J. O'Neill is engaged in newspaper work in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Sister Saint Ursula is professor of French literature at Mary Manse College, Toledo, Ohio.

Martha Bayard is a general contributor to literary periodicals.

Nora B. Cunningham is a contemporary American poet.

Charles Oluf Olsen is a member of the staff of the Oregonian.

Glenn Ward Dresbach is the author of The Road to Everywhere, In the Path of the Wind and Enchanted Mesa.

Irene H. Wilson is a general contributor of poetry to the American magazines.

Ethel Romig Fuller is a poet and playwright of Oregon.

Mary Carolyn Davies is the author of Drums in Our Street and Youth Riding.

Joseph Frant-Walsh is a poet and prose-writer of California.

Rev. Edward Hawks is pastor of the church of Saint Joan of Arc, in Philadelphia.

Ambrose Farley is a translator and teacher of classical poetry.

John Stapleton is an English author and journalist.

Sister M. Eleanore, C.S.C., is author of The Literary Essay and The Troubadours of Paradise.

Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, who is associated with Saint Michael's College in Toronto, is the author of A Century of Scientific Thought, The Church and Science, and the Romans in Britain.

Helen Walker Homan is a writer of special articles, and the author of Presenting Mrs. Chase-Lyon.

Rev. T. Elliot Ross, C.S.P., is chaplain of the Catholic students in Columbia University, and the author of Consumers and Wage Earners, The Right to Work, and Christian Ethics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED